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Descriptive, reminiscent, sentimental ...

The street I celebrate is deserving of a more competent presentation than any word of mine can give it. What has not yet been done must have seemed not worth doing: no one has fallen in love with the subject and visited it with the eager eye and the commending voice. This seems to me an unjustifiable neglect. For it may be maintained with firm assurance that no such street as Chestnut Street, so various, so apart, so interesting, is to be found in any city of any land.

Our English visitors have compared it to Piccadilly or to Bond Street, and have thought to give it distinction thus. Of a truth, there are resemblances not a few. But those famous London streets are as far behind our thoroughfare in versatile attraction as they are in extent. If you will take this from Piccadilly and that from Bond Street, add this detail of the Strand, that of Oxford Street, the other of High Holborn, a part too of Cornhill and of Lombard Street; if, then, you will lead this complex into a choice residential quarter, cross a river with it, and, after a dreary interval, give it a new life of elegance and natural charm;

if you will presently surrender it to open lots, and then to tilled fields; if you care now to accompany it, until it brings you at last to its ultimate limit at the wooded edge of a pretty stream, beyond which is fairest country-side—then you will know something, not all, of what Chestnut Street is, the goodly theme of my worship—why not of yours?

Nearly all principal streets of great cities are continuations of, or bifurcations from, others, or radii from some square or central "place," or urban terminations of great country roads. Such, in Philadelphia, are Ridge Avenue, Germantown Avenue, Lancaster Avenue, Market Street. But Chestnut Street, as indeed far the greater number of our ways, is quite independent, has its own unshared origin, its own fixed limit. It starts at the Delaware River: it stops, or will stop, when it is allowed to reach there, at Cobb's Creek. It continues nothing, it introduces nothing—a very Melchisedek of streets.

So that, if you would set foot upon it, you must turn into it at one of those accurate right angles for which Philadelphia is famous. The pilgrims from Delaware County must be content at present to seek it by way of Market Street and Sixtieth; for only to the latter is it opened; or by the Marshall Road to Sixtieth Street. The inhabitant or guest of New Jersey, on the other hand, will find its obvious entrance at Delaware Avenue. The throngs which come to town over the great railroads reach it first at Twelfth, or Fifteenth, or Twenty-fourth. While from many points, both of town and country, the frequent trolley

either comes directly into it, or refuses to cross it without stopping to contribute to it. Only one of the great railroads lands its passengers directly upon its sidewalks, and that, too, at no seriously damageable point: the best of the street is absoutely free from that fume and clatter.

Chestnut Street, as has already been stated, is no homogeneous whole, but a complex. To appreciate it, therefore, at its manifold value, it must be divided into sections, of greater or less coherence, somewhat as follows:

I. The Wholesale District.
II. The Financial Section.
III. A Composite Quarter.
IV. The Retail District.
V. The Cis-Schuylkill Residential Quarter.
VI. The Trans-Schuylkill Residential Quarter.
VII. Lots and Fields.
VIII. The Unopened Portion.

The Eastern portal of Chestnut Street is formed, on the one hand, by a restaurant of the alcoholic type and, on the other, by a tobacco shop. A barber shop immediately adjoins the tobacconist's upon our way, so that, supposing we decline the inspiring assistance of the other opportunities, we may at least secure the not small satisfaction of climbing the brief hill to Front Street with faces worthy of Philadelphia's best highway. Upon the first part of this panting ascent, however, our shining countenances will be quite

wasted, for there is a prevalence of empty stores just there that gives us anything but a cheerful welcome.

As we achieve the top of the hill at Front Street a backward look shows us the iron bridge, which, spanning Delaware Avenue, leads to the recreation pier. This structure robs us of some of our sense of its kindly usefulness by the way in which it very largely hides the river from our view. Scenically considered this is a pity. The Delaware is well worth looking at, even though it has so little shipping to thread its paths, and although the Camden shore is far from sightly. The removal of Smith's Island has despoiled the river here of much of its old charm, even as it has robbed the small boy of a good deal of fun. For that was a famously good, delightfully unconventional, swimming-pool, which Mr. John Smith offered the youngsters of the last generation. And there were open air entertainments over there, and refreshments—soft for the young, hard for the old—that made the spot a very paradise, although, too often, it was enjoyed in spite of the parental veto.

The stores from Front to Third Streets are, with a few more modern or renovated exceptions, of the unimposing, serviceable, somewhat dingy character usually seen in the East Sides of most cities. This is preëminently a wool and cotton neighborhood. The sidewalks have the distinction—as far as Chestnut Street is concerned—of being very generally occupied by boxes and bales; while, in the afternoon especially, trucks and other burly vehicles—our old friend the dray is not seen as much as it used to be—are drawn

up receptive, and porters and drivers, armed with hooks, like so many Captain Cuttles, are lading, or stand expectant about. It is an interesting neighborhood.

Both of the North East corners of the section are in the hands of banking interests. The architectural charm of the structures in both instances—I prefer the Third Street one—is all the more acceptable because of the dull, conventional vicinity.

The financial part of Chestnut Street, considered as a comparatively compact and homogeneous section, is between Third and Fifth Streets. In the block between Third and Fourth I see nothing that pleases me so much as the bank building just above Third, on the North Side. The architectural style of this may not be pure, but the result seems to me to be a capital example of the harmonious union of massiveness and elegance. The block between Fourth and Fifth on the North Side has the strength which comes from being —to use an artistic phrase—well composed. There is no one saliently great unit among the buildings in this block, but the total effect is consonant, dignified and strong, altogether in keeping with the trusty and impregnable institutions which inhabit there. The next block has some more of those monied guardians in fitting domiciles. The one opposite Independence Hall—the one upon which Washington looks—is worthy of that position and that countenance.

After all, nothing is nearly so good and satisfying hereabouts as the Doric of the Custom House. The building invention of man has never devized anything

that can approach the vigor of this simplicity. That the style was originally religious infers no desecration in its employment for governmental purposes, though these be entirely secular. For the concept of the nation inevitably takes on a sacred suggestion, which makes even the house of its merchandize somewhat of a shrine. Is it really true that we are to lose this surpassing building, as we have already lost the Mint?

Not far above the Custom House there is an interesting memento of intercepted purpose that is worth noticing. A bank successfully resisted the repeated efforts of a great office-building to secure its site, was presently built around and overtowered, and now, although at last absorbed, shows its individual self very patently—the goodly record of a brave fight.

And what shall be said in praise of the State House? For this precious monument of our heroic prime is one, that, in its unambitious design and staid execution, will admit of but a tempered enthusiasm—no less valid and deep because restrained. It reminds me in its simplicity, in the subdued tone of its architectural appeal, of a larger homestead built about a wider hearth-stone. Something of this, of course, was felt by him who first called it the cradle of liberty—rightly felt and aptly said; for just such intimate suggestion is what this Georgian master-piece compels upon us. Demur not at the kingly adjective. The age of the Georges—has not Thackeray told the turbid story? But it had Johnson and Burke: and that George who made us mad was a good man, though a stubborn and unwise: and in his father's reign was built this

administrative building of England's chief colonial city, afterwards the focus of the most momentous revolt in all history—something like a Georgian gift, after all.

If you can succeed—I doubt that you can succeed—in the difficult and ungrateful task of abstracting from Independence Hall the memories of the men who wrought there, the hearts that throbbed there, the faith, the courage, the endurance, you will still not fail to be impressed by the structure itself. But the impression will be of such a tone, as I have said, that no superlative will be in place, only such unstressed epithets as good, gentle, satisfying. You will do it cruel injustice, if you shall think and speak of it in other terms than as "the dear old State-house."

How many of us pass that way, alas, without a glance, to say nothing of a loving look, to say nothing of a kindling memory? It gives its neighborhood the only dignity it possesses. Turn your back upon it, and you face the commonplace, the conventional, the trite matter-of-fact. Repent, therefore, and fix upon it once more and again, eyes too long estranged, indifferent: be lifted up by it into a sane admiration and gratitude and affection and pride, that will help to make you the man and father and citizen that you ought to be, and are not.

I do not know whether the present appearance of the State House is due to the flight of time since its last restoration, or whether it is the result of deliberate treatment, but it certainly looks now as a building dating from the middle of the Eighteenth Century should look, neutral in tone, with the verisimilitude of

age upon it, a hale veteran. This is in happy contrast with Carpenter's Hall, which, with its gilded signs and general spick-span, belies its years and does but scant justice to its venerable importance.

It is the reasonable homage of every filial child of the days that are gone, to see the State House from at least three standpoints; from one of the nearest corners, from one of the Walnut Street corners, and from the middle of the square on Walnut Street. The Chestnut Street view is for all seasons; the Walnut Street ones have different charms at different times of the year. For there are a good many fine trees in Independence Square to look through and over. I greatly prefer the leafless view of Winter: it seems best suited to the calm, cool style of the building. For other eyes the verdant height of June may prove a more grateful choice. It is the love of agreement or the love of contrast which will decide the preference.

If Chestnut Street had but this one possession, the State House, it would have the clear right to take an exalted place among the great paths of man.

Since Revolutionary days nothing has happened in this sacred neighborhood so memorable as the raising by Lincoln of the State House flag, upon Washington's Birthday, 1861. After he had made one of those characteristically succinct and full-laden speeches of his in Independence Hall, he came out and ascended the platform a little behind where the statue of Washington now stands—the spot is recently marked by an inscription set in the pavement. I was a mere slip of a boy at the time, by natural inheritance a Democrat of the

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THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF FORTY-FIFTH STREET

straitest sect, a fiery partisan, as most boys are. Yet I greatly cared to see that man do that thing, and so was one of a crowd, which, for some unaccountable reason, was far from being a large one. Bishop Simpson, one of the great hearts and voices of those stirring days, stood beside Lincoln, and with moved and moving utterance, offered the frank and simple prayer that the moment called for. And then the President-elect pulled the rope, and gave the flag its upward flight: and the shout of the people followed its fluttering course; and that was all. It was a beautiful event. I hold myself in higher value for having been there. Lincoln did not come to Philadelphia often after that—only once, indeed, so far as I knew. Then it was to visit the Sanitary Fair. I saw him that time, too, as he was led about among the exhibits, interested, kindly, very sober-faced, as so great a burden-bearer must needs be. His last coming to Philadelphia was that of his funeral progress: his final relation to Independence Hall his lying in state—the words are hardly the right ones for the coffined hour of the plain, homely, divinely single-hearted man. It was in the corridor, between the two great historic rooms, that he lay. One after another we came in, and saw the rugged face serene of the most worshipful man of his time; among the greatest, great.

The removal of the courts, of the Mayor's office, of the police and electric centres, of the Councils, of other city and county official life, from the State House and its neighboring buildings to Broad and Market Streets, has proved, at one and the same time, both a

benefit and an injury to this part of Chestnut Street. It has given it a marked desolation, but it has also bestowed quality. The State House pavement, the sidewalks of Fifth and Sixth Streets, are no longer peopled with unbecoming leisure and wretched expectancy, with hangers-on, petty litigants, political workers. All these now decorate the vicinage of Penn Square. The vacancy about the old State House borders on the painful. Occasionally one comes near feeling that the old life, such as it was, was better than the present no life at all. The doors of the entrance to Independence Hall are open now chiefly for the city's visitors, excursionists from far and near, honeymooners from neighboring towns; while the other doorways are feebly animated by the coming and going of the members of veteran, charitable, and other organizations of the more or less otiose kind. The life of the neighborhood, that is to say, is almost entirely that of the passers-by, a procession which grows sparser from year to year, because the main goals are no longer at the near eastward, but to the west, more than half a mile away.

Nor can one feel quite as one used to feel, as one comes to the monied quarter of the East end. When the Stock Exchange was not yet dissatisfied with its Dock Street home, when Third Street itself, from Walnut to Market, was all brokers' offices and banks and banking houses—just then, Chestnut, from Third to Fifth, was at its bustling height. The removal of the Exchange to Fifth Street was perhaps a result rather than the cause of the decay of Third Street, but it

hastened the descent both of that street and of the nearest parts of Chestnut Street. Of late the heroic return of the Exchange to its former quarters—a step perhaps without parallel in financial history, perhaps impossible in any city but Philadelphia—has done somewhat to bring the wanderers back to the old familiar places. Something it has done, to be sure, but as yet hardly enough to quicken the empty look and slender movement of the entire vicinity. Vacated bank buildings and placards of "to rent" are not happy appearances.

You and I understand all this, make allowances for it all. But strangers, who compare the state of things with what is seen in other cities—*their* compact financial life and thronged intercourse—cannot but be taken aback. The trouble, of course, is that the winsome charms of another financial center have proved largely irresistible. The great office buildings about Broad Street are built upon the corner-stones of strong and growing financial institutions. The animation of that neighborhood is partly due to the compelling call of dollars and cents and various exchange and interchange. It is believed by some, hoped by all, that the great interests east of Sixth Street will, after a while, outride the westward gale, and find themselves, after all, in the right roadstead, in the main current of the pulsing tides. But even this highly tropical sentence hardly helps us to "put a cheerful courage on." In a situation so nearly depressing, the hopes of the conservative are flattering unctions, rather than anchors steadfast and sure.

The blocks between Sixth and Seventh Streets are transitional and composite. Two newspaper buildings, housing three different journals; two or three financial institutions; a cluster of wholesale and jobbing houses —which have somewhat of an alien look, of having lost their way from four blocks further down, or from Market Street; a railroad office or two; and a few retail stores, are the main components.

The journal whose home is at the corner of Sixth is a source of a little reminiscential regret to those of us who are enamored of the familiar old: that, too, although it is far from improbable that the paper we get to-day is in many respects the superior of the issue of forty years ago or more. What it has lost, what we cannot help missing, is a certain authoritativeness, a certain value of ultimate reference and final appeal for fact. A declension was perhaps inevitable, and has not been so great as might have been looked for. It is now, at least, more fearlessly independent in many essential respects than it was at its prime. And it is still the acknowledged authority for religious news.

The evening paper which is issued in this block, together with its only competitor in the block above, seems to me to be in the same mixed category as the journal we have just considered. As regards quantity and quality of news there can be no question that both these afternoon papers are great advances upon their higher-priced selves of a decade or two ago. And yet they seem to me to be a little further down in appearance and general tone than the lowered price really

requires—their morning fellows being the criteria. That the great haste of an afternoon issue need not impose any very considerable defects is proven by more than one contemporary of other cities. Comparisons are odious, but I am compelled to prefer on the whole the westernmost of these evening papers. For it has cartoons of very great merit; and has no comic back-page.

The German morning paper issued in this block has qualities of no mean order. Its editorials are above the average; its literary character good; the feuilleton not more stoopingly popular than the necessities of the case demand. One must not expect the very high standards of the newspapers of the Fatherland, which amply atone for lack of so-called news by contributions in science, art and letters from the best pens. We need not shrink from admitting, indeed, that the daily press of Europe generally, but very particularly of England and Germany, has a cultured and cultural value that, for the most part, ours cannot, or does not care to, secure. We sacrifice much that is worth while for fresh and exhaustive intelligence. Our German fellow-workers have been compelled, to a great extent, to fall in line with the methods of their adopted land. It is greatly to their credit that they stop short of sacrificing as much as we do.

Upon the south side of Chestnut, between Seventh and Eighth, there is more retail life than we have yet seen, although newspaper and railroad offices, a museum and other not distinctively retail enterprises are differing features. On the north side, a very hand-

some—it may be too florid—financial building has replaced the old Masonic Hall, which some of us remember as a mystery-enshrining landmark of the elder time—a building of very pleasing aspect, whose demolition was a source of justifiable regret. Nor will it be possible to pass the strikingly different structure which took its place without a pained remembrance of an ugly bank-failure and the not blameless involvement and tragic end of a great-hearted, lovable man, more sinned against than sinning, victim of a too generous, too unsuspicious nature.

I am perhaps no altogether impartial judge of the newspaper which illuminates the Seventh Street corner, for it was an old-time host of mine, the earliest to give me the pleasant privilege of type, the journal, whose greatest distinction to my mind must ever be, that it allowed me, in the winter of 18—, 18—, to try my 'prentice hand as a reporter, and, not long afterwards, to express more or less confident opinions upon its editorial page, as a critical paragraphist of foreign affairs. I must hasten at once to say, that I liked the reportorial function by far the best of the two, and have never for one moment changed my opinion that the happiest and not the least useful experience possible to man is to gather news and turn it into printed matter.

The paper improved greatly in quality upon my leaving it to serve a contemporary. At any rate, incumbent veracity proclaims that it is to-day a great distance, in every respect, beyond its former performance. Sensations there were in those days as in these, but they were not nearly so skillfully handled, nor so

well-written. There was more amateur work then, there was more diffuseness, more "fine" writing. News was not so exhaustively handled. There were not the triumphs of searching investigation and engaging treatment that are so frequent to-day. As news-hunters and news-tellers we were far behind those of the present. The editorial page was not so strong at that time as it has been since. There was nothing like the number of departments, special features, interesting questions presented for general treatment by the public. I see only one blot on the scutcheon just at this moment —the voting contests. But stay—can any one lay his hand upon his heart and say that the Sunday edition is not a loud reproach to the daily?

At the northeastern corner of Eighth Street, and extending a considerable distance down Chestnut, is a famed bachelor's hotel, with a cigar store at the immediate angle, and, next, a splendid bar-room which, until very recently, enjoyed the dubious distinction of being the only institution of its kind on Chestnut Street. The retail liquor traffic has been, for the most part, banished to the numbered streets, where it flaunts its garish elegance and heaves its laden breath and explodes its swilled insolence, without inflicting its blight upon our best thoroughfare.

One need not be very old to remember when Eighth Street was the main retail artery of Philadelphia, by far the most populous of its ways. Except upon a certain hour of Saturday, and that only in the height of the buying seasons—say in May and October —this is no longer the case. The current has found its

way to Market Street, and is growing in volume there. The time when Second Street had the business and the throngs is to be learned from Watson or from Westcott. It was a long time before the sceptre passed to Eighth Street, and again a good while, indeed only of comparative recent years, that it came to Market street. The latter thoroughfare secured its regnant position, everybody will recall, as a result,—*first,* of the removal of the market sheds from mid-street, a clearance which changed the entire nature and fixed the destiny of the street; *next,* the concentration of the great railroads at Twelfth and Fifteenth Streets; and, *finally,* the multiplication and growth of the department stores, with Market Street as their main approach.

The eminence of Chestnut Street is that which naturally arose from its being the obvious pathway between the best residential section and the monied district on the East Side. Later, its parallel relation to thronged Market Street, and its vicinity to the great railroad stations proved greatly favorable to its development; which has always been selective and choice as that of no other street could be, because no other street had such a starting point, such a goal.

The reflex influence of Chestnut upon Market Street must not be overlooked in passing. The main direction of retail activity once established as East and West, and Chestnut Street being the earliest and foremost champion and example of that direction, has kept Market Street to the same course, and has made it sure of its way, sure of popular growth beside its more elegant sister thoroughfare. For streets are apt to hunt

in couples, each of the two, however, usually seeking different game. Lest I should grow too fanciful, I drop the subject.

Chestnut Street may be considered to have the Western limit of its older, more conservative, less improvable portion, at Eighth Street. It becomes increasingly difficult not to think of East of this, or even East of Tenth Street, as down-town—more difficult upon Chestnut Street than upon Market. Now "down-town," so far as Philadelphia is concerned, is not apt to seem a propitious region. It has precious memories without number, but no animating outlook; a glorious past, but no teeming future. Such, at least, is the verdict of the moment.

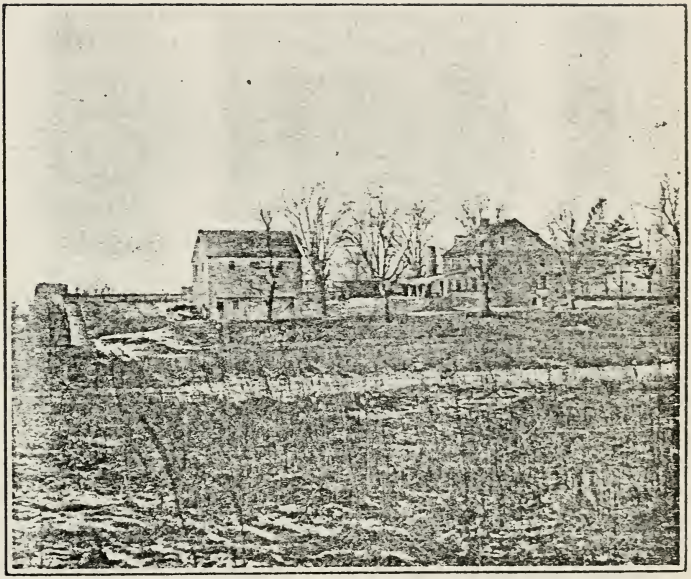
When one recalls the chipper presence, at the Southwest corner of Eighth Street, of the daily newspaper, whose purchase and merger with a more sedate neighbor has made our breakfast-tables inconsolable; when one looks at the blank upper stories, whence, of old, flowed down to our poor dull levels a vigor of criticism, a salt of humor, a graceful audacity, an unfailing brightness, which, at one fell juncture, stopped short never to go again, we can hardly forgive the invidious fates, nor the haggard irony, which made, not long ago, the head and front of that incomparable offending a staid officer of the court.

The northwest corner of Eighth Street has been occupied and developed in a brisk way which gives the neighborhood a much-needed life and promise. But the rest of that north side is cheerless enough, with its abandoned financial building and the vacant hotel. The

lower side is in much better condition, although the vitality there is hardly of the potency and quality of the block's best days.

As one recalls the competing glories of the hotels at Ninth Street; the one with its first floor balcony and the constant range there—in mild weather—of tilted chairs and uplifted feet; its second-story balcony, with its more elegant bloom of recreative womankind; the thronged portal of the other newer hotel opposite, with its unceasing tides of thirsty men and vacant youth to and from a billiard room and bar of large repute; when there comes to mind what celebrities, national and international, were wont to sojourn at one or other of these great houses of resort and strike the surrounding streets into gaping admiration—presidents, generals, heirs apparent, Japanese Tommy, George Francis Train—it is impossible, at the end of this breathless sentence, not to be a little put out by the tame difference of this latter day bereft. Here, not more than four decades ago, was the very heart of the street. It is no longer here. The contrast is not enlivening to us mooning outlivers of memorable years.

Another vanished glory of this storied part of the street is the passing of the old-fashioned political parade. The time before and during the civil war was the culminating epoch of that halcyon and vociferous phenomenon. It was a heart-stirring and, at times, a perilous thing to be one of the torch-bearing, welkin-splitting host, which, a week or two before election, would parade Chestnut Street, generally from west to east, lifting one crest of its enthusiastic wave right here



CHESTNUT STREET

THE FARM ABOVE FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

between the two hotels at Ninth Street—a point I remember, where the reverberation of the band-music was especially loud and thrilling and inspiring—another crest at Seventh Street, in front of the newspaper office there; another in front of the State House—before and after these climaxes nothing perhaps quite so full and fervent, save perhaps at the Union League, or beneath the pictured transparencies of some favoring or opposing political organization. When the Republicans paraded there were always enough Democrats around—they were not then in the Republican game-bag as now, but still a healthy and fierce opposition—ready to hoot and hurrah for the adverse chieftains, and throw protesting uncomplimentary bricks, and empty a wicked pistol or two. And when the Democrats, in their turn, wended their celebrant way, the Republicans failed not to hold the dissenting sidewalk, and to do even-handed justice to their opponents. Alas, poor nowadays, yours is an orphaned time, indeed. To know nothing of such surging, hustling, shouting progresses as those, not to have seen the spruce Invincibles and the Tenth Ward host and, above all, the Fourth Ward crowd, with their peerless leader, Bill; not to have been around when the Democrats burnt this transparency and the Republicans tore out that club, is almost as bad as to have been born too late to hover pale in the parlous vicinity of a fire-to-order, when the rival companies of the old volunteer department fought one another more fiercely than they did the flames, with no importunate police to molest them and make them afraid, with full right of way to be

sure, to be sure. Ah! they were times that *were* times, Felix: Eh? What do the youngsters now have that will compare with them? I confidently answer, nothing.

Between Ninth and Tenth Streets the south side becomes more completely retail than it has yet done, and the stores on the whole are of a more important class, the buildings themselves of a better architecture. The mass of buildings upon the north side is, next to that between Fourth and Fifth, the most satisfactory that the street can show. First comes the firm-set, vigorous bulk of the Post Office, whose only defect is one of courtesy—it has no entrance upon Chestnut Street. —One feels hurt to have the cold shoulder turned upon one's darling theme thus.—Then, next, soars a handsome newspaper building, and thereupon a great insurance pile, which, upon the whole, it seems to me, is the worthiest single building save, of course, the Custom House and the State House, upon the street. A trust company has added its effectively simple Tudor facade, and has thus given a happy contrast, yet no crying one, to its ambitious and ornate neighbors. The two minor buildings which complete the block have been judiciously refronted, so as to make a good cadence to the entire architectural phrase—six structures which do not thrust discord at you; which, besides, quite by good fortune, make a crescendo and decrescendo of a truly felicitous character. If this be fancy make the most of it. As I have intimated, there are only two really good blocks on the street. It is no wonder that one should grow a little lyrical about them. The reason

why the financial block opposite the Custom House seems to me the better of the two is that it is less pretentious, less suggestive of the architect, more in the unconsciously noble style. But yet, in this decision, one may be biased by the dignity and power which the Custom House gives to all it looks upon—which will not let one see the unglamored fact. If that noble building is taken away from there, an altogether different note will be given to the surrounding structures. It is threatened: may it not come to pass.

The best point of view for this block above Ninth Street is a little below the hotel entrance, on the south side. You should not miss this upon any account, for it will give you a goodly thing and fair exceedingly—a range of edifices of a force and grace and harmony which will not be easily rivalled far or near.

The newspaper, which has its domicile here, is very worthy of our respect and regard. It is perhaps the least sensational journal published in this city. It is notably fair in its political news and comment. It seems to me to have more of the distinctively Philadelphia flavor, if you know what that is, than any other of our papers. It may not be the most brilliant, but it is the most sterling, cent's-worth that I know of: that ought to be considered large praise.

It was but little more than thirty years ago that the University of Pennsylvania stood upon a portion of the ground now occupied by the Post Office—two not very large buildings, with a "campus" between them, an iron railing enclosing the whole. The northern building was occupied by the Department of Arts, the

southern by the Medical School. The green sod of the campus and a tree or two in the rear said cheerful things to passing eyes that cared.

I am inclined to think—but the suborning years must be guarded against—that the curriculum of that time compares very favorably with the most recent schedules, and that those who wanted to learn at all carried away an education, an actual culture, that was in no respect inferior to what the later years have bestowed. I am absolutely certain that the earlier comers—say the classes before '70—had fully as good a time as their successors. Athletic sports, then in their infancy, or still unborn, have had a sturdy development and a various increase. The stress and uproar of the diamond and the gridiron have taken the place of the prankishness of the class-room, and, we must confess, have come to afford a more timely, better situated, outlet for the irrepressible animal unadult, a safety-valve for crude insubordination, that acts well in every way. But incontestably, we had far more downright good fun than you are having, my young masters. I am not sure, either, but that there was somewhat less rowdyism, less vandalism, less brutality, less of the unbridled generally, in the former days than in the latter. Some of us, to be sure, were very yeasty, but the whole lump was not so generally leavened with the rude ferment as it is to-day—the present censor being the judge.

If these buildings beloved, with their simple architecture and homely class-rooms, had to be replaced by anything, it was just as well that the Post Office

should follow on. For there was a decorous, liberal, institutional, somewhat literary quality in such an aftercoming that made it no deep descent. It might have been an office-building, a hotel, a theatre. Certainly the Post Office outranks these far. So that we heirs of the buxom and high-spirited past may now pass that dear corner without any more poignant pang that that which comes from the memory of the ill-starred teachers whom we used to plague the life out of. They forgave us before they inherited the great rest, much more easily, far more completely, than we can ever forgive ourselves. The whirligig of time has given most of us our several plagues, and so has brought in his revenges.

Just because this angle of Ninth is so full of history and personal memory of a very intimate kind, I am greatly annoyed at the slovenly and glaring disfeature at this time of the North East corner. Surely the shabby prominence of the backward reaches of the abandoned hotel were enough. But, now this long time, there is added a vast advertising disfigurement that is flung upon you by day and night, as you come Eastward, and ought to make you cross.

The blocks between Tenth and Eleventh, upon either side, have nothing that calls for special comment. They are conventional, respectable, sufficient unto their uses. The great insurance building at Tenth is a very good thing in its strong, stalwart way, and is one of the salient features of the street. Upon the same side of the way we come to the first of the three theatres of this street, a building of no architectural

significance, but worth a respectful glance as being one of our chief places of amusement. It happens that the very oldest, and the next oldest, of our theatres are upon other streets, and in situations which have taken from them to some extent the rank which their seniority might have secured them. Pathetic is the stranded old, and honorable only to eyes that keep fresh the gracious image of its prime. Those oldest theatres have a glorious history—*we* know, you and I.

Now come we to the heart of Chestnut Street, the very pulse of the machine. For between Eleventh and Broad is that vital centre, the most frequented, the most animated, part of the business section of our foremost highway. It is not easy to see how the primacy and the glory of it can soon pass away. There is clearly no other section, in any city of which I have knowledge, that is so admirably situated for all best uses, financial, mercantile, legal, and what not beside. It is the logical and inevitable centre. Its development, although not so swift as its advantages have warranted, has been, upon the whole, remarkable. For a practically indefinite future new advances seem to be in unlimited store.

It must be confessed forthwith, that few neighborhoods of its strategic value and manifest destiny have so little of architectural competence to show for it; that indeed the buildings of this greatly favored centre, save only the great office-buildings, compare not too flatteringly with those of other and even less fortunately situated sections of many cities. New York, alone, perhaps, upon upper Broadway, is of somewhat similar

disappointment; and for much the same reasons. The rapid and all-absorbing growth of great department stores—for one of the chief causes—necessarily limits, to the extent often of dwarfing, individual enterprises of a specialized character. The result is a large number of comparatively restricted businesses, whose success is conditioned upon intensive rather than extensive methods, and whose scope therefore is confined to buildings of comparatively moderate rentals. Stores for the uses of these, accordingly, are apt to be not of the largest, and of unpretending design. Dwellings altered at no great cost, or new stores of unambitious plan and construction are most sought after. From Eleventh to Eighteenth, Chestnut Street is full of modest structures of this kind. Every year adds to their number; for owners find that they can be more readily disposed of than ampler structures. Not many entirely new buildings are erected; alteration, remodeling is the rule, which the exceptions, mainly of office-buildings and financial institutions, only serve to prove. The stress is laid upon the ground floor, an attractive entrance, generous show-windows. The upper stories are left much as they were, on the outside at least: sometimes nothing more is done to that outside than the taking away of shutters and the application of a coat or two of paint.

And now you will bear with an incurable sentimentalist, as he stops a moment to tell how badly he feels sometimes, and how badly he thinks you ought to feel, as a dwelling is being turned into a place of business. A store is a goodly thing, and its functions,

it need scarcely be affirmed, as indispensable and as honorable as that of any other instrument of action whatsoever. But there is, as everybody knows, a better, just one certainly better, thing than a store or any other abode of usual avocation whatever, and that is a home. The dear trite words are true as gospel—"there's no place like" it at all.

It does not so greatly matter that the floor of the cold, formal, perfunctory parlor is lowered to the pavement, and exchanges its stilted elegance of sofa and chair and table for plain mercenary counters and baited show-cases; that etagere and mirror and picture are supplanted by ware-laden, beckoning shelves; that the two windows are melted into one, and that a most brilliant, most irresistible one. But it does matter very much, that the cheerful dining-room, with its warm-hearted and bountiful handmaiden, the kitchen, close upon, should be no more; that the back-yard with its little grass-plot and grape-trellis and clothes-lines, its belligerent cats and quarrelsome sparrows, should be absorbed, annihilated, forever gone. If the second and third floors are not torn out and rearranged, at least there will never glow again the cozy ease of the sitting-room, where the boys and girls, just the other day, were sitting around the centre-table with its lamp, and were struggling sleepily with their next day's lessons, while Tabby dozed upon a near chair, or maybe on the table itself, and the father nodded over the evening paper, and the mother was doing her knitting or her mending —the only one quite awake, the dear watchful pilot of the good ship, the best that ever sailed the main. The

bed-rooms, sacred to intimate converse and redeeming rest, are now the lairs of mincing milliners and brisk chiropodists; while the attics—we used to call them, less elegantly, garrets—where the chambermaid and cook, after canvassing the manifold defects of master and mistress and telling their innocent beads, were wont to titter themselves to dreamless sleep, are now a janitor's quarters—sitting-room, bed-room, kitchen, together beneath the slanting roof—the only homelike thing that is left of it all—next to the sky.

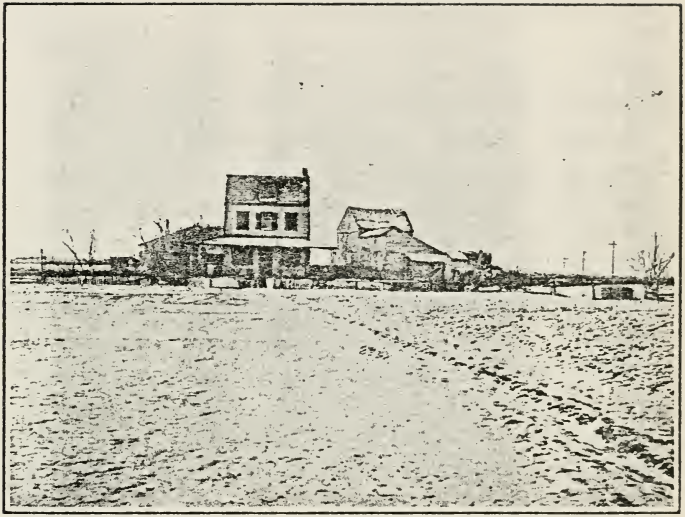
The row upon the North Side of Chestnut Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth, was, some forty years ago, or less, all dwellings, of the old-fashioned Philadelphia type, than which nothing since, nor else, is more suggestive of unpretentious refinement and sterling comfort. We were sorry to see them go down. But the stores which came after have inherited not a little of their lovable simplicity; are calmly satisfying; carefully refrain from being striking; are more acceptable, one must think, than some of the staring flights of stone and iron which are close at hand.

This is what is popularly called Piano Row. The name is near enough to the fact; for the four or five stores which are dedicated to other than musical uses make a negligible minority. I am a little ashamed to confess that the chief attraction of the row—for the rival claims of pianos are both baffling and fatiguing—has come to be the awnings, which, in sudden showers, make good to me, for a brief reach, the improvident absence of my umbrella, and, in summer time, afford a grateful shade as well. It is a curious fact, by the

way, that this block and the one between Thirteenth and Juniper, on the same side, are the only ones which have these protections.

While we are on this side of the way we may as well go to the kerbstone—do not allow the purists to foist "curbstone" upon you—and give a memorial glance across the way. It is worth while not to forget the noble mansion that stood, a very few years ago, in the middle of the block, with its ample yard; which fell, at last, into the clutch of improvement, and now is replaced by a showy-faced place of amusement and two bulge-fronted store and office buildings. It is pleasant to recall the tree in the yard of that mansion, upon which the sparrows used, towards nightfall, to scold and scrouge themselves to roost. It was the last tree of its function upon Chestnut Street, at least anywhere near the central part of it; so that now, if we would enjoy this delightful daily scrimmage for best place, we must go to Broad and Walnut, where there is another tree thus honored. When the great estate there shall have gone the way of all unimproved property we shall be forlorn indeed. But we shall suffer less than the evicted sparrows, and shall presently take comfort, and in due season forget.

The entrance to the next square is solidly buttressed by a Saving Fund, on the one hand, and a Trust Company on the other; the latter the occasion of a massive office-building. Upon this same, upper, side we have, next, a theatre, and thereupon, occupying the main portion of our old Concert Hall, the Central Free Library. Soon after this comes an interesting little



CHESTNUT STREET

LOOKING SOUTH ABOVE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET

group of altered dwellings, the originals being of moderate dimensions, the resultant stores of corresponding size. These, together with a handsome new store under the office-building at the corner of Twelfth, and those which are in Piano Row, make up nearly the entire retail showing of the North Side of Chestnut Street, East of Broad—I leave out of account, warrantably, it is hoped, the great department store at Thirteenth.

The question immediately arises, why the South side, from Eighth Street out, should be predominantly in the hands of retail mercantile business, while the North side, with the exceptions noted, is, so nearly completely, financial and corporate. Apart from accidental causes, or such as we cannot find at all, perhaps the chief source of the marked contrast of function between the two sides of the way is to be found in their relation to the sun. As every good citizen knows, Philadelphia's best street runs very nearly East and West, a course which makes the lower side the shady one. In olden times, when houses were not built as tall as they are now, that was a more important difference than it is at present. The tide of travel during the largest part of the year, say from April to November, was naturally, for mere comfort's sake, brought to the sunless side. In the winter months, there was no such tendency, save that of formed habit, and, as a matter of observable fact, there was something like an approach to equality in the use of either side of the way during the cold season. But the lower side, having secured the lead, and having made itself more attractive by its

windows, is not at all likely to be easily ousted from its advantage by the upper side, although the latter, from Eleventh Street to Broad, owing to its being a convenient pathway to the great stations, and also because of the presence of the office-building, the theatre, the library, a very popular restaurant and, most of all, the commanding influence of the department store at Thirteenth Street, is more and more becoming its peer. At Juniper Street the divided current flows back to its wonted channel across the way once more; one strand of it down Juniper Street to meet the cars at Walnut. Upon Chestnut, West of Broad, a determined effort is making to take from the South side its long-established superiority, its retail right of way. It is a conflict of uncertain issue and, to every lover of a pretty fight, full of zest.

The most engaging part of the Free Library, and the one which is most conspicuously on Chestnut Street, is its juvenile department. It makes us a little envious of the contemporary youngsters, a little anxious once more to open the bristling theme of "when you and I were young, old boy," to see the boys and girls browsing freely along the open shelves; the wise, kindly, never too urgent librarians not far away, ready for advice and help. The children of the later fifties had but the furtive, somewhat unwelcome, privilege of reading at the subscription libraries, only one of which at that time offered the inestimable advantage of accessible shelves. To be sure, there was the Apprentices' Library. But, as it was then, its facilities were reprelantly didactic, and, besides, the books were knowable

only through the least descriptive of catalogues—for in those days, even catalogues were most unengaging, altogether unwilling to tell one what a book really was like. The Sunday School libraries of that time were the children's chief resource, furnished forth with much that was natural and entertaining, along with much that was obtrusively instructive and unreal; more largely patronized by the girls than by the boys always. If the boy had a besieging hunger for general literature, he must, as I have said, snatch a fearful joy from one of the subscription libraries upon Fifth Street, and live the life of a bookish poor relation until the gods, via his father or some generous brother, gave him means to pay his way—that which they would have done sooner had he told his tale. Nowadays, the boys, and, what is even more of a happy advance, the girls, have no end of good things within easiest reach, as free as the air and the sunshine. If they have an appetite for more solid food, they have but to walk up a flight of stairs—at the branch libraries only to step to another part of the room—and, if not too manifestly young, secure unlimited adult privilege to feast upon the fat of the land, all lands, all times. It is better far than coming of age: it is almost as great a moment as the first long dress, the first latch-key.

As one goes up the much-climbed flight of steps he will notice, midway to the left, a door dedicated to the books of the blind. Entering, he will be impressed, rather than surprised, by the sparse, oftener absent, patronage, and then, immediately, be seized by the glad thought that there are so few to come, and that few so

richly provided. It will be the visitor's own foolish fault if he do not stop to be told what books have been distinguished by being printed for finger-reading, and in what systems of character. For the world is doing more and more and better and better for the sense-bereft, as well as for the fully endowed.

But it is the wide, bright room at the top of the stairs that is best of all. Here is the very summit of undiscriminating privilege and, that which is especially pleasant to know, a great distinction of Philadelphia, to wit, a thoroughly popular, wide-open, absolutely untrammelled free library.

It is a never-failing, nay, a cumulative, delight, to see how many come here and spend day after day—not a few of them, I fancy, with but little else to spend—feeding at their sweet will, without money and without price, upon the good things—intellectual nomads, with no one to look askance at them and deny them this better staff of life, snug and warm and in the light, getting and forgetting; sons of the ages, come to their own. If, stealing a glance over a faded shoulder, now and then, you catch the page of a master-piece, kindly forbear an insolent surprise. Nor, on the other hand, raise your eyebrows at the ruling presence of fiction—that best gift of God's gifted ones to the aching thralls of the real, who, having not learned to look aloft, might, but for story, long ago have given over the struggle, and lain down for good and all.

The reference library here is an honor to those—perhaps *him*, the librarian—who have selected it, and is an eagerly frequented department. A much used

nook is that devoted to the literature of University Extension. In a room above is the priceless Pepper collection. The current periodicals are amply and judiciously represented in one of the down-stairs rooms.

We come back to the main hall to enjoy the bustle and bright to-and-fro of the unceasing quest for books. A frequent sight is that of the hurtling groups around the rolling tables containing the novels recently returned and now on their way to the shelves again. A book always seems better worth having when some one else has had it: selection has given it the stamp of currency. The shelves are bewilderingly comprehensive, while this little lot has the charm and force of somebody's decision. Hence the scramble, which will remind you a little of the crush around a bargain-counter, and is not less enjoyable, if one is not in the press.

A more courteous, painstaking body of librarians is scarcely to be found anywhere. The collection of foreign literature, while not large, is well-chosen. There is a fairly good musical collection. And of all departments it may be said, that there is very little of the best that is wanting.

The subscription libraries have their indispensable place and their good service, not the least important of which is the limited membership, and the better certainty, which that restricted demand secures, of not finding your desired book out. But I must confess, that, in using them, I fail of the comfort and satisfaction which comes to me in the Free Library. "Joy in widest commonalty spread" was the great poet's ulti-

matum, without which nothing could quite satisfy him. Why should you and I be content with less?

Some day, we shall have a handsome new library, and some of us will be sorry. The present location is admirable; the associations of old Concert Hall are precious; the unpretending character of the accommodations is most agreeable, the noise of Chestnut Street in no way objectionable; the recitation and singing of the parish school in the rear are a pretty contribution. Shall we, all of us, most of us, be quite as comfortable, as much at our ease, in more elegant quarters? I fear not. The change, after all, though inevitable, is not imminent.. Meanwhile we are determined to be happy in the immediate moment, making hay while the sun shines, taking no thought for the disinheriting to-morrow, very fond of our pasture and of our ingleside.

The perhaps too scrupulous care that has been taken up to this point to avoid designation of private and corporate enterprise ought not to be exercised as we come to the great business achievement at Thirteenth Street. Most of us will have the saving grace to confess, that we wagged grave heads of foreboding, it may be even of invidious prediction, at the coming of the merchant of Sixth and Market to the abandoned railroad-shed seven blocks to the west, and his inception there of a new and various enterprise. We no longer shrink from admitting, that the remarkable man who achieved a rapid success there, and soon extended his conquests to Chestnut Street, has done more for Philadelphia, in recent years, and, what is my immediate concern, more for Chestnut Street, than any other

citizen, or corporation, or influence whatever. He has reaped deservedly rich rewards for his great courage and faith and wisdom and devotion. The laborer is worthy of his hire: to the great servant great recompense. "Adventurous ardor nobly triumphing" is the line of a master of thought, and says the finally best thing that can be said.

Just now we invincible conservatives are a little downcast with the approaching certainty of a new structure for the old business. It is even now building. The familiar quiet-hued brick upper stories of the Chestnut Street front will soon disappear, and be replaced by some brand-new, all-modern facade of stone or tile or steel. One more home-like link with the loved past will be dropped. The modest, low-statured stores opposite, many of which are of the remodelled dwelling class, will crouch ashamed before their looming vis-a-vis, until they, too, in self-defence, climb aloft to join the procession of splendid altitudes. What, then, will become of the candy-stores honored with our sweet tooth? Fortunately, this block is one of the shallowest upon the street, and is not so likely, therefore, to become the earliest prey of vast enterprise: is perhaps destined, for a greater or less time to come, to cultivate the field of comparatively limited business, as before.

It may be interesting, as we come to Juniper Street, to note that this is the most important, as it is the longest of the few minor ways that intersect Chestnut Street. There are, east of Broad, only seven of these —: one between Delaware Avenue and Front, one

between Front and Second, two between Second and Third, two between Third and Fourth, and, finally, after a long interval, this Juniper Street. West of Broad Street—let it be in this connection anticipated—there is no single break in the blocks until we come between Twenty-first and Twenty-Second; and then, to complete the tally for this side the river, one between Twenty-second and Twenty-third. Beyond the river the blocks are unbroken.

The importance of Juniper Street, as already indicated, is mainly that of a feeder, and more particularly a feeder of the department store which it bounds at Chestnut Street. Its current, it should be mentioned, is mainly southward.

Ever since we started up Chestnut Street together, the old Mint building has been upon my mind. It was by far the best feature of this part of the city, giving it the same quality as the Custom House lends to *its* thereabouts. It is gone, and has been replaced by that which will hardly serve to alleviate our regrets.

The pretty little building upon the southwest corner of Juniper was, no great while ago, it will be remembered, a bank of undesirable character and explosive end. Our latest, and not least, theatre has its entrance next door, and is perhaps the brightest feature of the block.

I have not the slightest objection to sky-scrapers—they only needed to be assured of that to breathe freely. There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon, still another of the stars. Because our eyes have feasted upon the State House are they to fast at Broad and

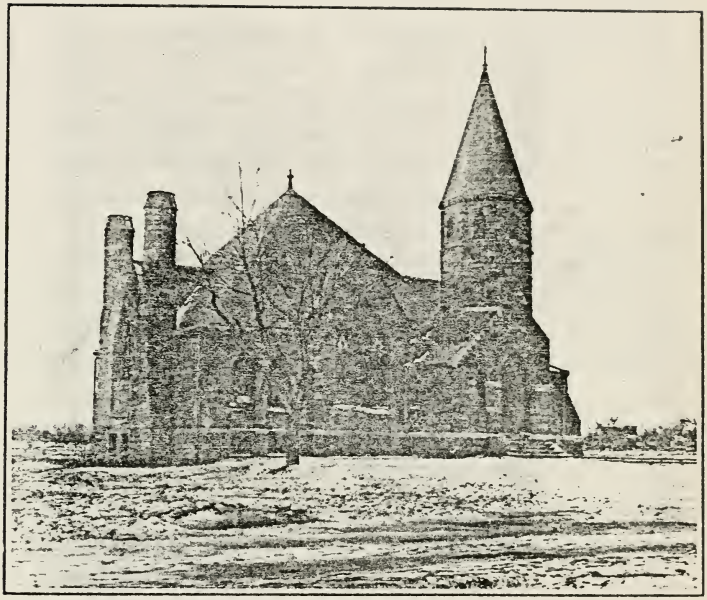
Chestnut? This question is one of that kind which triumphantly expects no for an answer, and which, in this instance, is designed to bottle up and hermetically seal all disagreement with my immediate maintenance, namely, that the great office-buildings we are now come to have a valid beauty of a high order, and make this meeting of the ways one of our most legitimate sources of satisfaction and pride.

The northeast corner has the eldest and, to my taste, the comeliest of the three giants. Both of its principal aspects are of stone from top to bottom, and of a kind that ages well. For the comparatively few years it has stood, it has toned down its newness bravely, and already wears a becoming complexion. Out upon the renovators of fronts! If we must have the new—and of course there is no way to avoid it—keep off, in the name of all that is worth while, those who will not let it look as mature as possible as soon as it may.

The power of these great structures is of course that of magnitude, the most impressive dimension being that of height. What lifts our eyes commands our praise more than what takes them straight on. This is partly because it is a more unwonted call upon sight, and partly, also, perhaps chiefly, because it compels us to a glimpse of the sky. About seven out of ten people upon Chestnut Street, as elsewhere, but especially there, look straight ahead, and, for the most part, at approaching faces. Of the other three, one will be turning head, or eyes alone, towards those just about to pass him; one will be mainly interested in the shop-windows; the remaining one, much engaged with his own thoughts,

will have his eyes on the ground, or, with the speculation quite gone out of them, levelled upon the distance—on the street, but not of it. It was the complaint of that delightful prophet, teacher, critic and scold, John Ruskin, that the sky, with its inexhaustible resources of beauty, is all but completely ignored by nearly all men. That does not seem to me so serious a matter as it did to him, for it is beyond question, that the face of man, especially of woman, most of all of children, is a far better gaze than the face of the heavens. Yet we do need the skyward look, too; ought not to be able to do without it; should be thankful for the pyramid and the spire, and even William Penn's discourteous back, for luring us once in a too great while, unto a glimpse of the fathomless azure and the fleet white clouds. This is one of the great uses of the office-building. It lifts our sky-line, snatches us from the hackneyed levels of our usual view. Where two of these buildings come together, they narrow the path of blue or gray or white up there, indeed, but they frame it well, and give it thus a better charm. I am not sure that it is not a more welcome sky-view than we get in an Alpine gorge, or some avenue of oaks or elms; for in town we are famished for nature, and raise more eager eyes and more easily grateful.

I do not think that those who remember the unattractive little buildings which these great structures have replaced, and recall the petty village-like aspect they inflicted upon the corner can fail to see the surpassing difference. When the northwest corner, in its turn, wins its towering occupant—may it come soon—



CHESTNUT STREET

THE CHURCH COURAGEOUS AT FIFTY-THIRD STREET

no city in the world will have a nobler crossways than our own Broad and Chestnut Street.

If you will stand in the common centre of both these thoroughfares you will be in a position to see best what Philadelphia has best worth seeing. To avoid the public stare and the interference of the reserve officer—the dungeons of City Hall are hospitably near, and Black Maria goes to and fro—especially to keep from being run over by trolley, wagon or automobile, you had better come there at some vacant day-break. Then, if you will but revolve gently upon your imaginary axis, you will be greatly repaid.

It is an artistic advantage to Chestnut Street, that it crosses here a wider thoroughfare. The contrast of the latter makes the strait compact path more striking, brings the details into a quicker grasp and a more effective impression. The view eastward is easily first—the character-giving, distinctive view. This *is* Chestnut Street, our justified pride, the very best we have. Our chief treasures, our richest memories are before our eyes. Do not turn away too soon. We shall judge of your civic love and pride by your lingering or your easy satisfaction.

The view to the south, down Broad Street, has the strong appeal of a wide highway in uninterrupted perspective. After the near heights at Chestnut, Sansom, Walnut and Locust, there stretch, to loss of view (it is a useful Gallic phrase), the gleaming asphalt—pain-giving word—and the long low banks of buildings, mostly dwellings, in shadow and in light.

Chestnut Street westward is humiliated at the very start by the fouty little houses on the right just above Broad. They are doomed, but they are there. The other side of the way, though decidedly better, hardly suffices to redeem the view. At Fifteenth and beyond the street does better; an occasional office building or hotel gives some interest to the outlook.

Then, at last, turn we to the north, and are forthwith overslaughed by the Public Buildings, which are only prevented from being whelming by the tall office structures to the right and left on the way thither, which hold and help us up. This great building has had its real merits thrust in the background by the notoriety of its growing-pains—I refer, of course, to the methods of the Commission, that, at last, brought it to pass. It is a handsome success, and should be frankly felt as such. Thanks to the powers that be, its face has not been washed this long while, and the tone of it grows mellower and mellower every day, more and more worthy of its strong good self. At twilight, that transfiguring hour for all things, it is at its great best; at night it has a grim, looming power that is as good as a neighbor mountain; its enormous clock is already the familiar, ever-bright face of a not too faultless friend; its necklace of electric lights is a far-shining splendor carrying a city's promise to every country-side. I ask for the great denizen of Penn Square the homage it deserves. Ignore the associations which civic corruption attaches to it. One of these days a scourge of small cords, which you and I may help to twine, will leap forth from some pure zealot's bosom, and the house of

merchandize be made a temple once more. May the cleansing be a more thorough and enduring one than New York saw.

At Broad Street one has accomplished more than a mile from the Delaware—the measure of a quality the most highly to be prized, I wish you to feel, of any in the many-pathed world, and which I now leave behind me with a regret, which is only mitigated by the hope of a return by and by to sentimentalize a little over some other things that we have had to hurry past.

Half way between Broad and Thirteenth on the upper side, stands the frontier dwelling of Chestnut Street, the last intact home eastward, the veteran defender, glorious in its forlorn hope, pathetic for the swift fate in store for it. It is a brick and marble four-storied house, not the best example of its type, noteworthy only because of its exceptional position. A statelier mansion, on the other side, just below Fifteenth, is the most recent sacrifice to mercantile advance. Another pity—but you are tired of my sighs.

The disappearance, within a few years, of the church at Fifteenth Street was an occasion of deep regret to many. For it seemed somewhat of a discredit to Philadelphia, the city of churches, that she could not maintain upon her principal thoroughfare, at its business centre, some one or more of her historic shrines. Broadway has Trinity and Grace in the very thick of the fight, champions of the unseen, voices crying in the wilderness, churches that would not move on.

The blocks between Fifteenth and Eighteenth are very much alive with the faces of the smaller busi-

nesses—decorative, musical, floral, pictorial, optical and what not—finding here a profitable nearness to the more opulent needs of West Walnut Street and the choicer residential neighborhoods to the immediate south of that. Not a few fine dwellings in this section of Chestnut Street survive the business onset. There is but one in the block between Fifteenth and Sixteenth, just below the latter street, upon the south side; an exceptionally attractive house, that we shall some day miss and remember. The bright brick and marble mansion on the far corner of Sixteenth is a more salient and defiant survival, and waves from its pretty little Ionic porch cheerful messages to the rapidly thinning ranks of old homes far and near. Just below Eighteenth, on the lower side, a goodly succession of these is quite untouched by the business invasion, although coquetting with it by placards of rent and sale. A not uncommon transitional stage between home and store in this quarter is that of the doctor's or dentist's office. The passing of the hearthstone is thus veiled: the best face possible is put upon retreat.

The handsome improvement at the southeast corner of Sixteenth is regrettable, among other reasons, for this—it has removed from its place the marble inset, which was the only remaining record of its kind, I believe, of the old numbering of the streets west of Broad. That was on the basis of their relation to the Schuylkill. I cannot remember whether Sixteenth ranked as Schuylkill Seventh or Eighth—Watson or Westcott is authority, as ever, upon that. It may be

that the demolishers of the corner house saved that sign, and prize it at its worth.

Next door to the corner of Seventeenth, on the north side, is a gem of purest ray serene, Chestnut Street's last and only possession of the kind: an old-fashioned two-storied house, with its untouched garret window. The alteration of the first floor into a shop does not at all spoil the pleasant shock this good relic gives you—of course you can only do justice to it from across the way. The bricks of the front are alternately red and black, a homely checquering quite frequent in Kensington and Southwark, delightfully inappropriate to the ambitious street we are on, yet not too strikingly so to this immediate, somewhat unaspiring, neighborhood. A good detail, although doubtless a late addition to the house, is the flight of uncovered steps leading from an alley-way to the second floor. How this charming whiffet of a house escaped razure I do not know; that it is there is a recurrent source of amused gratulation. May its shadow never grow more.

At Eighteenth the business part of Chestnut Street comes to a full stop. The next block, on the lower side, is homes, or apartments or offices, or boarding-houses, or is subject only to such occupancies of an undisplayed character as dress-making and the like. On the upper side a newly built apartment house has taken the place of a church, and, further on, a professional building is also a prominent erection.

Between Nineteenth and Twentieth we have nothing more mentionable than a residential hotel: and the

block between Twentieth and Twenty-first is featured only by a Trust Company.

Twenty-first Street has the rare distinction, among numbered ways east of Schuylkill, of being without car-tracks. The lovers of quiet find their account in this exception, and no doubt will live longer, or less nervously, for having taken advantage of it.

As we approach Twenty-second we become aware of three churches, a sudden grouping which is in the nature of a surprise, and, in view of good architectural treatment, a pleasing one: A residential hotel is the outpost of Chestnut Street's south side Schuylkill-wards.

The section which we have now passed through has an emphatic interest, due largely, as we have seen, to the plentiful evidence of evolutionary process: collaterally, also, and perhaps more forcibly, to the pleasant appeal of memory. "I remember when this was not this but quite other: I fancy I have the advantage of most people in this respect," cannot be said even to myself without an agreeable response. A very human, very amiable weakness, this pride of experience, and as unobjectionable as it is inalienable, if only we do not bore other folks too much with it. To see a home turn, first to a boarding-house, then into offices, then forthwith into store below and rooms above, then, at last, altogether disappear, to be replaced by some strapping structure, is to climb steps of elation which make one's fond heart beat. To keep sensations of this bouquet at their best aroma it is well to do as we have done; wend our way from the culminations to the beginnings, from

the finished products to the raw material, from organ to cell, from attaining east to becoming west, from Broad Street out. The cauldron of this bewitching process is between Fifteenth and Twentieth; the very centre of the brew between Sixteenth and Eighteenth. Not to care to pass along here often, or, passing, not to enjoy the growing changing spectacle of a street's development, is to do ourselves a thoughtless injustice.

The little river-strip between Twenty-second and the Schuylkill does not lend itself readily to praise. It is not so uncomely and disreputable as it used to be, not so worthy of the old blighting name that I decline to recall. The raising of the level for the approach to the bridge lifts one daintily above it all, and a trolley car will take one past between two winks of one's averted eyes. The neighborhood is not likely to improve much, so smoky and noisy is it; yet not so noisy and smoky as the other side of the river—there is that pleasantly relative fact—and the removal of the gas works, too, lifts a little of the hopelessness from the outlook. The railroad station at Twenty-fourth is a somewhat grim feature of the thick city-scape, and in good accord with its surroundings. The upper, or bridge-level, floor is a painfully impressive hall of unfulfilled and echoing expectations. The rooms at the train-level are better, yet not of a large animation at any time, and too subject to the trespass of the river in lawless flood-time.

There are moments when it will reward you to linger on the esplanade of the bridge, by the station, and take the outlook to the southwest—ever, in these latitudes, the choicest region of the heavens. Smoke is

no blessing, yet it does serve now and then to give an enhancing atmosphere to an evening sky. There are glaring sun-slopes which are toned down by it into tenderness; the steel-like glint of blast-winnowed winter skies are delicately hazed by it. Perhaps the only really good opportunity the trolley-passengers have to see a wide prospect is while they are crossing one of these bridges across the Schuylkill. It is too bad that so many of them should bury their eyes in the evening paper, and not care to see the glory of the declining sun and the gentle beauty of the evening dusk, as it is freely given them just then, day after day, every day with a different power and charm.

You need not be told how little it will please you to look down at the river as you cross. It is a turbid tide, apt to be oil-streaked, not infrequently lolling along with strange or too familiar outcast things to the Delaware, occasionally out of its banks and full of rapt bushes and planks and hen-coops and what not—at such unbridled times at its best hue, to be sure—a fine coffee and cream. At night its flowing disgrace is no longer known, and the lights of the bridges and the shore make it worthy, for a condoning while, of its fair name and its pure youth among the hills.

The borders of Chestnut Street for the next block or two are held by factories, coal yards and other useful but unattractive tenancies. A pleasant interruption is the country-like home adjoining the Drexel Institute with its rear to the street; its garden, which is accordingly its back-garden, coming up to the thoroughfare; the front being upon a minor street on the north.

Chestnut Street is nowhere else so debonairly snubbed. But the pleasant grass and the shrubbery and trees and the humor of the posture of it all compel forgiveness, and give the place an amused prominence which is all but irresistible.

Then we have the Drexel Institute itself, prettily housed in tile and terra-cotta, full of all cultural uses and no end of young people—a cheerful landmark in a somewhat glum neighborhood.

Chestnut Street is tunnelled here by a branch of the great railroad we are so proud of, sometimes so cross at. At Thirty-first street—I should have reported—a burly viaduct bestrides our theme most triumphantly. After these two contacts—the tunnel can scarcely be called so, perhaps—there is no further near relation with our admired trespasser and benefactor for the rest of the way. We cannot help deploring, as we leave it behind us, the stubbornness with which it continues to burn soft coal. For the smoke nuisance has not a little to do in keeping Chestnut Street hereabouts from living up to its best possibilities, from realizing our ambitions for it.

The northwest corner of Thirty-second has an enclosed grassy lot for which we are more thankful than we can tell. This introduces very prettily two or three little villa-like properties, with good-sized yards, saucily lifted above grade, which, in summertime especially, are worth liking.

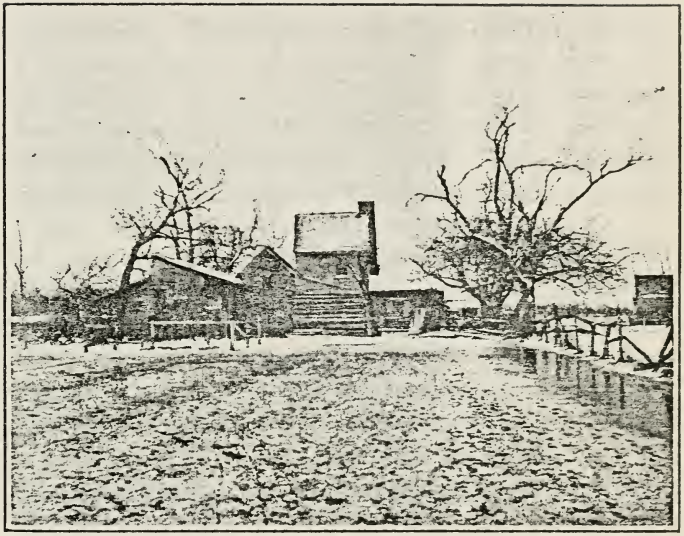
At Thirty-third we cross the oblique Woodland avenue—which elegant name, when scratched a little, reveals the Darby Road of our childhood, at

that time one of the nearest and best ways to reach the unconquered country, and still a favorite approach to beautiful Delaware County.

At the southwest angle of this is one more of those amusing little refusals to be absorbed by large-aimed newcomers; to wit, a group of small shops which have prevented an apartment house from coming to its intended corner. A modern church, with its plain-looking forebear in the rear, and a livery stable—the only example of its kind, if I mistake not, on our street—are, along with the apartment house referred to, the noticeable details of this square.

At Thirty-fourth we have the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, a structure of suitable design and excellent effect. Half-way along the same block is a trim public school, the only one on the street. And on the corner of Thirty-fifth is a pleasing church.

From Thirty-fifth to Fortieth West Chestnut Street, by which is here meant the Chestnut Street of West Philadelphia, is at its residential best, having no successful rival in kind and quality save certain parts of Germantown and Chestnut Hill, and some blocks on Walnut, Spruce and Pine, immediately to the south. But there is a note sounded by Chestnut Street which is quite its own. The comparative brevity of this part of it is a good commendation; it is easily grasped, the beauty of it coasted without fatigue or satiety, and thus more clearly realized. There are not a few very handsome mansions here; a few, too, of the elder, less sumptuous, but all the dearer kind. Good trees abound,



CHESTNUT STREET

LOOKING SOUTH AT FIFTY-FOURTH STREET

trim lawns, well-kept gardens: and the street is wide enough—it has gained that by crossing the river—to give all these accessories their full value. Here is something less than half a mile, of which I have never had, and never expect to have, enough.

Two or three churches guard their corners or break a block. There are two apartment houses of late arrival. A branch of the Free Library above Forty-first Street must on no account escape notice, it being ever to be remembered that no two collections of books are alike, that every fane of letters has its own sacred character and distinct benison. There is a very snug little juvenile room at this branch which is worth a peep—all we hapless adults are entitled to.

The space included between Forty-second and Forty-third about concludes this section of Chestnut Street. At the southeast corner of Forty-second is a not very ornamental car-barn. At Forty-third street a church of good design and commanding situation sends up a spire which is a welcome land-mark for all the west side. After an interval of an entire unoccupied square, two confronting rows of city houses of recent erection cast the horoscope of the rest of the way, which, in a word, is "operations." The car-tracks are already laid to Forty-fifth street, and will not hesitate to go further when needed. At the northwest corner of Forty-fifth stands one of those stocky, square, gentle-colored mansions of which West Philadelphia still has so many examples; this one, of its race the last upon this street; a house worthy of the admirable trees which surround it.

At Forty-sixth the asphalt refuses to proceed, and is very violently succeeded by a jagged street which is so frankly bad as to seem like a rude joke; and compared with which our ancient friends, the cobble stones, were more than respectable. After all, the misery of it is not of moment, for there are no houses out here, to speak of, the very minimum of traffic is jolted by it; and, in winter and spring it is decidedly better than a clay-road. Between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth a good old farmstead sends the back of its barn to within a few feet of the embankment which overhangs Chestnut Street. The approach of this property is upon Market Street, to the west of an old-time factory. As you hurry past in the trolley over there—they run like the mischief—you will have, some summer day, a glad glimpse of the well-set buildings and their pleasant trees—you must be quick to see it at all. I hope you may not miss it.

We have been, for a good while, in full view of the noble grounds of the Insane Asylum, one block to the north, with their hill-climbing wall. The brook, which divided that melancholy estate into two definitely aimed portions, is now culverted, and no longer forces its hollow upon the streets that cross it. One feels pardonably sorry to see the stream blotted out of sight. It has had its pure rambling days among the grassy slopes, and now it has but its pretty memories, our fond regrets and a sunless way.

Not all the numbered streets are opened out here—feeling their way from Market Street, the elder thoroughfare; only a few of them reaching Chestnut; some

of them merely sketched by the inward-sloping kerbs to the right and to the left. Also, if I mistake not, these streets are a little further apart than they were to the east; so looks it upon the city map, and thus, also, it feels to faring feet—but all things are not what they seem.

Fifty-first is well-opened both ways, as also is Chestnut from thence to Fifty-second. The secret of this sudden change of heart is the trolley at the latter-named street. There is a brand-new two-story block at this point, and the entire immediate neighborhood has been satisfactorily vitalized. But the influence of the trolley has no wide reach as yet. For while, so far, we have had brick sidewalks of a fairly good kind, now forthwith there is a cessation of the upper ribband of these, and the lower one goes only to Fifty-third. After that there are no paved paths at all, save as a sudden row or part of row, recalls them. Also the ragged streetway, which the asphalt interrupted for a brief space, is now boldly resumed.

We take off appreciative hats to the brave little pioneer church at Fifty-third: its sturdy anticipation is sure of a teeming reward. In the very next block to that, the corn, last summer, was waving. Whether some other crop, in due rotation, shall succeed it, or a row of houses, is a pretty question. Ceres has my hope and vote: for it is delightful to have cultivated fields right upon our street. The rather homely farm-buildings just above are neighbors of what will some day be Sansom Street, and therefore concern us not so greatly.

An occasional huddle of small houses of the purely city type, and such as we have upon our less important streets, meets us, now and then, as we keep on. From Fifty-fourth street out kerb-stones are omitted, or only appear where houses do. Fifty-fifth is asphalted to Market. The small row below Fifty-sixth has made itself accessible from Market, but has not greatly improved that access. Finally, here at Fifty-sixth, fire-plugs stop, to reappear only as the improvements, some blocks further on, shall need their protection.

If I have not yet made distinct to your mind the interesting fact, that the region, for a considerable distance south of Chestnut Street, from Forty-fifth out, is, with only occasional exceptions, quite unstreeted, and is, for the most part, unbroken lots, or cultivated fields, let me do so now. Please appreciate also the other, not less interesting fact, that the narrow strip of land between Chestnut and Market is itself but slightly occupied, and that chiefly at the very edge of the latter street. In other words, Chestnut Street, west of Forty-fifth, passes through all but open country. Clearly grasp that.

At Fifty-sixth begins what deserves to be recognized as the most incredible part of Chestnut Street, namely, a meandering dirt road; though tortuous, yet finally true to the course of the city highway—an unmistakable country lane, bordered by fences, running among the buildings of a farm. It is not an appealing group of buildings, this farm, everything being in the more or less neglected condition of the *rus in urbe,*

awaiting city improvements and postponing its own. I have no doubt that spring will make the edges of this road its due gift of violets and dandelions. The children of the neighborhood will get them all, pretty early, and there will hardly be enough to go around. Violets on Chestnut Street, on the sidewalks so to speak—think of it: that is something like—and less than four miles from City Hall, and but one square from Market Street. Allow that to filter slowly down into your conscious wonder. But be calm.

A little further on, a tiny rivulet, which, too much of the time, is disgraced by the surface drainage of the lots to the right, crosses our way, making a tiny hollow to step across—the only stream which Chestnut Street is now suffered to meet at a level. It empties into a brook in the meadows to the south, a water-course of no great size, but well-channeled and of some importance to the cattle who pasture in the field it runs through: real cows these, meditative, calmly observant, no doubt receiving some mental and moral advantage from their privileged nearness to Philadelphia's leading way, but not showing the benefit to any patent degree; as apparently unsophisticated as if they were but pensioners of the deepest seclusion of the country. Theirs is the only animal life the street sees on its way out, save an occasional idler of a horse, a prowling goat or two and the usual dog and cat.

No streets make the least attempt to cross Chestnut here; Fifty-seventh running into the farm, Fifty-eighth into the dirt-road; Fifty-ninth, although in fully advanced condition from Market street, stopping short,

in a plump discouraged kind of a way, right against a tree upon the lower side of Chestnut. At Fifty-ninth our dirt-road stops for the time, and for a block we have the asphalt once more, and, upon either side of our street, rows of two-storied houses of newest erection—which make you cross, that certain considerations prevent you from enjoying their tiny charms. These make up the very last of the improvements of Chestnut Street; for the store at the northwest corner of Sixtieth is really a part of them, the ultimate structure of our thoroughfare. All these betterments, as was to be anticipated, are the fruit of the Sixtieth street trolley, a double-tracked pulsation of fairly frequent cars which have secured the opening of that street both ways, connecting Haddington, Angora, Sherwood and Woodland Avenue, and pleasantly studding its line, here and there, with residential growths of the less spacious kind.

The dirt-road now resumes its waving but substantially forthright course, until it is brought up short by a fence somewhere near the line of the yet-to-be Sixty-first street. Here, upon peril of trespass, further investigation is out of the question. A sedulous curiosity, however, will discover that Sixty-second is, after a primitive fashion, open from Market southward, and that a detour will bring one to where Chestnut Street would come if it could, through ground at last accounts comfortably occupied by very verdant truck patches. Turning final eyes westward one will see the generously wooded fields that come to Cobb's Creek, at a little beyond the future Sixty-third street, some five miles from the Delaware River, about three miles from

the Schuylkill, less than two miles from the built-up portion of the city in West Philadelphia—our ultimate goal, barrier and resting-place.

To lay waste that pretty waterside for the sake of brick and mortar is a consummation hardly to be looked forward to with pleasure. It will be a happy rescue—already entertained, or at least suggested—to keep the eastern side of Cobb's Creek for a little park. The stream is not badly polluted at this point, and is capable of a still more limpid salvation. It is a charming water-course, one of Philadelphia's most picturesque boundaries, and especially worthy of honor and homage, as being the goodly finis of the city's best story—the life and adventures of Chestnut Street.

The best class of improvements are hardly likely to find their way much farther west than Forty-fifth Street upon Chestnut Street. This way, as well as Walnut and Spruce, as it now looks, if it insists too much upon seeking the setting sun, is fated to decline in elegance. A truly democratic inclusiveness—only a limited, very local exclusiveness—is the sure lot of most thoroughfares; a perihelion and an aphelion, an up and a down, a sweep through the whole gamut: and it looks as if Chestnut Street is to have just that experience. I should not wonder, indeed, if, in due course of time, this western reach would not develop something like a poor quarter, a handy field for the philanthropy of the favored dwellers not very far to the east. The poor must live somewhere: why not on Chestnut Street? A slum is scarcely likely to grow here. The old depths in the Fourth and Seventh Wards have

been all but drained by the combined efforts of health authorities, Christian League, policemen and Law and Order agents—or, as some think, the poison has been scattered to other parts of the civic system. Fresh concentrations and intensities of that lowermost kind are hardly likely to be found hereafter anywhere within our borders.

When Franklin, meditating in his chair upon the Post Office pavement, conceived the idea of giving his old friend, Washington, down the street, a visit upon the Twenty-second of February, it at once occurred to him that it would add greatly to the success of the occasion if he had somebody to go along. The difficulty was that there was no contemporary of Washington upon the street, nor, upon any street, one of anything near the same rank and standing. So averse, however, was he to going by himself that he presently contemplating letting Penn, a few doors above—Penn at his giddiest—know of his purpose. He promptly gave that up, not only because he felt sure that the staid churchman he wished to honor would care but little to see the quenchless sectary, but, also, because he had a notion that the latter was not likely to look with much favor upon the great soldier. No, it was to be a birthday call: there must be no discordant note.

That exhausted the available assistance of the street—unless, unless—the two sisters should be willing to stoop from their high place on the theatre front, and grace the memorial occasion with their inspiring pres-

ence. Long pondered he upon the eligibility of these ladies. Melpomene would do well enough, perhaps, although a little heavy-browed for a bright function; but Thalia—might she not go to the other, scarcely less undesirable, extreme, and introduce a levity into the celebration, which would prove all but disastrous? The more he thought of it, however, the more did it seem advisable to have the participation of womankind. And this ancient twain had not only the advantage of being of the needed sex, but also, more urgently, that of being the only ones that could be had. If there had been a Goddess of Liberty anywhere around he would greatly have preferred her. Perhaps, after all, Thalia would be held in sufficient check by her grim sister to prevent a scandal. So far as looks were concerned they were likely to make a good impression.

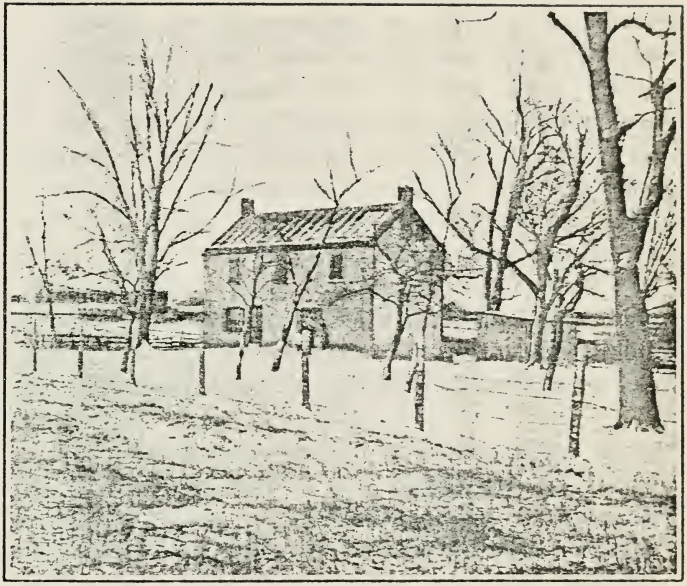
The resources of Chestnut Street were now exhausted. Might it not be well to strain a point—go a little aside, even unto Penn Square, and secure the presence of the two soldiers, the hero of Antietam, the hero of Gettysburg? It would be pleasant for the ladies to have them: it might be very agreeable to Washington to see two of the captains of the later, greater fight.

Franklin called a sparrow. It came, obedient, to his shoulder, a perch familiar to its tribe. Into its saucy ear he gave his message, and away it flew, first to the muses, then to the warriors. There was no hesitation whatever in accepting the invitation. MacClellan sent back a hint that his neighbor and fellow-

townsman, Stephen Girard, might be willing to come, too: he apologized for suggesting the matter by venturing the supposition that Girard had been overlooked, and that Franklin would be pleased to repair the neglect, especially as Girard was a contemporary of Washington. Franklin was not a little reluctant to include the crabbed philanthropist, fearing that he might prove a dampener and mar-pleasure, at least a clog; but, finally, sent him a special invitation and received a grudged acceptance in return. There might, perhaps, he thought, be this advantage in having Girard —there would be somebody to talk affairs with: the others belonged too completely to other times and ways.

The hour fixed for the visit was three o'clock in the morning. For that would be the least frequented hour. A rare trolley car, a passing policeman, some belated reveller were the only distractions likely to be met with. Since the participants were to have the gift of fern-seed for the time being, they would be visible only to one another, to Washington and to the confidential moon.

At half-past two o'clock of that memorable morn Little Mac was the first to stir; for upon him, as the clearly fit marshal of the great event, devolved the awakening and escort of the other participants. His position beneath the railroad clock made his punctuality easy and sure. He rubbed the stony stare out of his eyes, and patted his horse's neck until its life came once more. With one bold leap together they were on the pavement. It was hard to rein the spirited animal,



CHESTNUT STREET

THE FARM NEAR FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

so suddenly endowed with action, but the iron grip and firm wrist of the expert rider held him to their will. In a little while Reynolds was riding beside him, dazed and very glad. So came they to where Girard stood, spectacles in hand, deep in the memory of old achievements, utterly forgetful of his engagement. He cast no pleased eye upon the soldiers, as they summoned him to remembrance and companionship; growled a growl or two, supposed that there was no way out of it, and came down. For any one but the self-centred himself it would have been a little lonely to stalk along the empty sidewalk at that dead hour. The horsemen must keep in the street; could hardly expect the merchant to join them there. But he was no stranger to unsociability, and went uncaring on. They turned into Broad Street, and then into Chestnut, the riders holding back, that their companion might not be left to miss his way as completely as he had lost himself in eyeless thought.

When they came to the theatre, and looked up to the white-robed maidens far above, the leader was straightway nonplussed, for he could not think of the Greek word for "awake" or "come down." Fortunately the quick-witted Thalia, who had had the engagement much upon her mind ever since the sparrow came, was promptly conscious of the clattering of hoofs, the halt, the impatient prancing below; was all alive in a moment, and lost no time in arousing her less expectant sister. The admirable facility of the fire escapes enabled the ladies to get down without too much trouble or delay, although with a good deal of

clatter. Thalia kissed her hand gaily at the soldiers, then less freely at the merchant. Melpomene bowed without looking.

And now, because they had not learnt the modern art of clinging to manly arms, the maidens walked along upon either side of the astonished and grumpy Girard, while the soldiers galloped off, glad to be relieved of their companioning duties, to Franklin. But Thalia had not looked to be treated so; would not brook it, not she. Of a sudden, she left her sister to the grim society of Girard, and flitted away after the generals, filling the fresh night air with ancient words of protest and complaint. The gallant Mac was the first to become aware of the fair pursuit, and reined in his horse until the injured damsel came up, panting, in tears. The kindly smile of the handsome, melancholy face of the soldier soon brought back the glad light to Thalia's eyes, and wreathed her white lips with their wonted mischief. The rest of the way she walked as near the kerb as she dared, and he as near as he might—a pretty sight, I can tell you—while Reynolds, nothing loth, kept generously ahead.

These three were a good deal surprised to find Franklin on his pavement, patiently awaiting them. His genial face took on a new radiance as they came. He greeted the generals with the formal salute of Revolutionary days, and the lady with the most finished of the bows he had learned at the court of the Sixteenth Louis. He was a trifle less cordial to the lagging Girard, a little more restrained in his reception of the stately Melpomene, who seemed scarcely less bored

than her escort, yet refrained from his liberal scowl. For the first time she turned her deep eyes upon Reynolds, and read in his face the pensive record of heroic death. A plaintive interest gave tenderness to her gaze. The splendid soldier felt the noble sympathy of it; was moved and greatly content. To deserve the pity of woman is full reward—best of all, save only love itself.

The immediate problem now was to make up the order of march. Franklin could see at once, and was not annoyed to see, where the eyes and interest of the women were. Even the Musagete himself is unseen, unheard, uncared for, when Ares glitters forth; and must patiently bide his time until his loud rival sees fit to take himself off. Nevertheless, it was clearly necessary that there should be some pairing of the civilians upon some basis of congruity and congeniality. For the life of them Franklin and MacClellan, in close wisdom consulting, could not tell which of the ladies would suit Girard best, annoy him least,—that is to say, be least annoyed by him. Finally, without any reason better than the desire to keep Thalia in some measure of restraint, she was given to Girard, while Franklin took the sister. Intercourse between the couples was out of the question. It was a silent progress; more like a funeral pomp than a festal onset.

When they were come to Eighth Street Franklin had grown a little tired of this state of things, and took it into his head to adventure a remark or two with Girard. And because the two had nothing in common save the practical, the first inquiry was:—

"Did you ever use one of my stoves? and how did it prove?"

"It was good enough," was the response, "but it burned too much wood."

"That is very strange," said Franklin. "I think I could show you how to manage it to the best advantage."

There was no answer vouchsafed to this, and the kindly Franklin could not think of anything else to say. Until, at last—they were now nearing Seventh—he bethought him that this son of France might thaw at the sound of his native tongue. And so he proceeded to tell him, in good Parisian speech of the days of the monarchy, the story of the applicant for a situation—at first refused, then seen to pick up a pen as he retired, recalled, engaged, brilliantly successful. Is not the tale in all the French Readers? It was once new. It was just such a yarn as should have pleased Girard.

"I heard that story long ago," was the reception he gave it, "and did not believe it. I do not know where you got your French: it is not what we used to speak in Bourdeaux."

But the story had served to fill an aching void, and to bring them to Sixth Street. There burst upon them there the full moon at its zenith, shining in unclouded brightness upon the State House steeple, upon the buildings on the upper side of the way, upon Washington; while the deep shadow lay along the front of Independence Hall.

He whom they came to honor saw them not; his eyes were turned the other way: but presently he

heard the sound of horses' feet, then of human foot-falls, and knew from the hush of voices that some unwonted presence was at hand. He turned his head, and was at once gladly aware of the familiar face of Franklin, recognized also Girard, wondered at the others. He had forgotten, man-like, his birthday, but suddenly the fact of the twenty-second of the second month came to him—his own day:—and these, it must be, were congratulators. His massive calm took on a surprise of joy. He waved his hand familiarly to Franklin; nodded in a friendly way to Girard; mingled a gracious smile with a profound bow, as he welcomed the ladies; saluted with stately cordiality the generals. Then he waited.

If Franklin had been allowed to have his way, the party would have been free to break up; each one thereupon to assume any position and posture convenient. A careless liberty, he felt, would take something from the inevitable formality of the ill-assorted occasion. But MacClellan, old drill-master that he was, would not have it so: and, presently, Franklin and Girard were standing together nearest to Washington—not so near as to give them a crick in the neck while they looked up at him—behind them, at due distance, the sisters, while the soldiers brought up the rear. It was an arrangement that pleased no one, least of all the damsels, who could not see anything of the martial in the father of his country, were not greatly interested in the backs of the two civilians before them, and dared not turn around and see those whom they most cared to see.

At last Franklin broke the somewhat awkward silence:—

"Most honored soldier, unselfish patriot, wise counselor, steadfast liegeman of Providence, unwearied lover of home and country, champion of arduous faith and patient hope and charity indomitable; we are come to do honor to the day which gave you to the world, to this new world, to us. We are come to tell you how unforgotten you are, how nobly dear; though far above us in greatness and goodness, in self-conquest and self-bestowment, yet not beyond the reach of our gratitude and love—surpassing man, friend, father!

And, after a pause,—:

"Beside me, sir, stands the greatest merchant of his time, rich in achievement, munificent in his parting gifts. He is come to honor you."

With this he gave Girard his cue by a little thrust. The old fellow had nothing whatever to say, but succeeded at last in making a fairly good bow to the first President of his adopted land. He deserved credit for that much violence to himself.

"As to these ladies," resumed Franklin, "I haven't the slightest idea what I shall say. They do not speak any language that I know, nor understand any that I speak. Their garb denotes them ancient, their faces young. How in the world they gathered what I wanted with them I am at a loss to tell, unless indeed my messenger translated my words into some guise that reached their ken. They are charming young people—I am at least sure of that—and I am equally sure that you must be as glad to see them as I was to bring them

along." (Did Franklin give a knowing wink here? It seemed so; yet one would hardly believe him capable of such an impropriety, at such a time). "Perhaps," he concluded, "they will favor us with something in their native tongue."

And they did; each in her turn; first the tragic muse, with a glowing passage from the Seven Against Thebes, recited to a deep and grave-paced music which moved all hearts, though neither theme nor any word came home. And then Thalia gave a mocking, altogether irrelevant something, a fragment from Menander, and followed it quickly with a tripping Aristophanic choral strain, that filled the air with a gay light of life, lit of her laughing eyes and jocund, vibrant voice. Have you ever heard Yvette Guilbert? You did not need to know what she was singing or saying, to feel the great power of it. And this was a greater than she —her inspiration, her mistress. Washington was not untouched with delight of the girl. Franklin had seen the great comediennes of the French capital, and wondered now how he had been captivated by their slight performance. Little Mac was fairly beside himself with enthusiasm; was the only one to clap his hands—being gauntletted they made no fit applause. Reynolds showed a hearty pleasure—he was the youngest of all the men there, but forty-three when he fell, loving his life to the end. Only Girard and the sister were unmoved. To him Thalia was but one more flippant minx; to her a known sister, and not the most beloved, not the most highly endowed. We can see now that

it would have been better if another sister had been there. Her they would have all understood, lost nothing of a single expression, made the welkin ring to the applause of—Terpsichore.

It was next in order for Franklin to introduce the generals. This was no easy task: for his knowledge of the Civil War was necessarily limited; what he knew of it mainly that which had come up to his ears from the speech of gray-haired passers-by, in little scraps of reminiscence, which he must patch together as he could. Upon one Decoration Day, indeed, he had had a couple of veterans gossiping beneath his chair, and had learned more from them in a little space of time than he had ever done before. He thus knew somewhat of the magnitude of the great conflict, something of its leaders, something of the consuming love the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac had had for their earliest commander, something of the strife of tongues as to his merits and defects. And he had heard also of the valor and death of Reynolds, concerning whom there was no debate. Him he presented first:

"Here, sir, see a soldier of the fiercest war of modern times, and one who died greatly for his cause."

"May I ask what that cause was?" calmly returned Washington.

"Ah, sir," was Franklin's reply, "I do not surely know, for I have heard but one story of it. The North and the South were arrayed against one another—and the South was at last overcome."

"Where did Virginia stand?"

"Sir, with the South. Upon her soil was the thick of the fight; the foremost of the Southern leaders were her sons."

A wave of pain and doubt furrowed the great patriot's face. It is well that we shall never know where Washington would have stood at so dear and awful a crisis.

At last he said to Reynolds—with an effort he said it—"General, I rejoice to see you. It is the highest privilege to die for what one believes to be the right; and you have died."

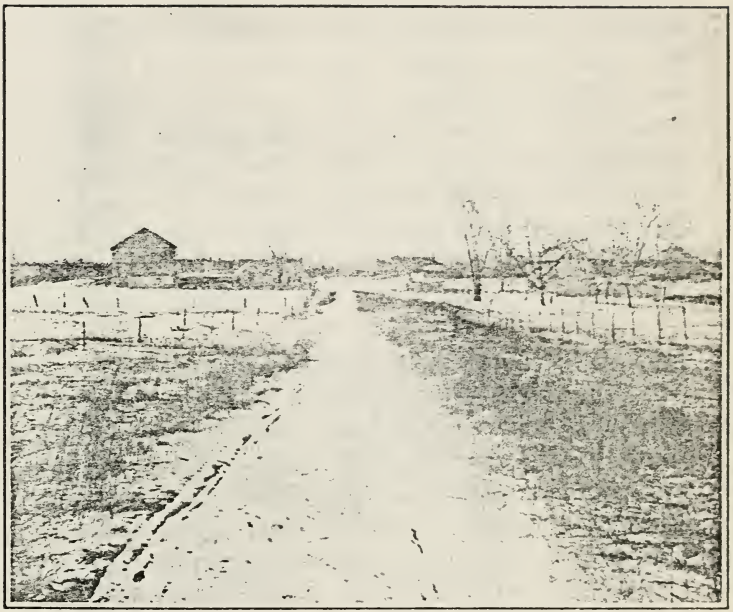
Reynolds bowed, but made no answer. He saw the delicacy of the situation, and shrunk from saying anything to the great Virginian that might protract a painful moment.

No so MacClellan, who, upon being introduced, could not refrain from giving utterance to one of those Napoleonic outbursts of rhetoric, which used to stir the pulses of the nation, but which, somehow or other, failed to hasten the issue or shorten the path to Richmond. The effort of this occasion I shall not report. Upon Washington it made no unfavorable impression. Certainly, if he had known the story of that war he would not have thought too unkindly of him who inflicted scarcely serious wounds upon Virginia, and who won his most signal victory on the soil of a border state—no invader then, defender. As it was, the courteous ear and the unaverted eye were all that the speaker could wish. Since Washington knew not the merits of that great debate of the sixties, what more could be expected of him than a polite attention?

The voice of MacClellan died away just as the State House clock struck four. A night car dinned by as the last stroke fell. A skulking cat flitted suddenly from the shadow of Independence Hall into the light of the moon, slunk across the street, found no hospitable cellar-window, sought Fifth Street, and was lost to sight behind the corner there.

There was nothing more for the celebrants to say or do. Franklin would have dearly liked to take a little stroll down the street to see what had become of his old haunts, to have a look at Market Street wharf, where, coming from Boston, he had first landed; to hunt up the shop where he had bought his first loaf. But his courtesy forbade a separation from the company. It is just as well—*we* know—that he could not see the painful changes that time and enterprise had wrought upon those dear early places. Girard had no polite scruple about withdrawing, and mumbled now—seeing that this thing was over, he guessed he would take a walk around and look at his property, and see whether the Trust was taking good care of it or not; he had never seen the College; it might be a good time to go out and take a look at that, too. Without waiting to excuse himself he sauntered away, but was headed off by the ever-vigilant MacClellan, and restored, sullen, to the company.

They now all made their congees to Washington, and once more took up the line of march—a mournful band—for they had not had an outing before, and now, so soon, this must end: and when would there be another? Oh! for an untethered other time, each



CHESTNUT STREET

LOOKING EAST FROM FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

one thought, when one might do just what one pleased; I, MacClellan, go see the house where I was born and the school I went to, and trace out the line of the enthusiastic parade the Democrats gave me, to make up for the way that Stanton treated me: I, Melpomene, to wander out to Woodlands and Laurel Hill, and meditate upon the great gulf fixed between the hopes of man and his fate: and I, Thalia, to trip hither and thither, in and out of merry wedding receptions, and away to romping picnics, and to the Park of a Saturday afternoon, and to theatre parties and University smokers and foot-ball games and New Year Eves, and one good full rollicking "won't go home 'till morning." How she knew about such modern things as these how can I tell?

* * * * *

It was about a quarter past three that morning that the watchman who kept, as for many years past he had kept, a ceaseless progress between Eighth and Tenth streets, peering through doors and windows, rattling knobs, and, between whiles, pounding the pavement with his stout cane, happened to cast his eyes across to the Postoffice and was struck motionless with amazement to see the deserted chair of Franklin. He rubbed his eyes to chase the illusion thence, but it held its own. He thought he must be losing his wits, and rushed up to the Tenth Street corner to find the officer there and bring him to the spot, to confirm or confute a conclusion which reason refused to accept. He found him; he brought him. "There, there," cried the watchman, pointing to the vacant chair. The two of

them could not refuse to believe agreeing eyes, although all but stunned by the mystery of it. The officer slowly betook himself, doubting all the way, turning back again and again to see if it was not all a dream, to the 'phone, rang up the central office and announced, gasping, the astounding fact. "Ah, what are you giving me," was the answer he got. "You think you are funny, don't you? You didn't catch me asleep that time. Go off somewhere. Good bye, good bye;" and the connection was off. But the officer rang up again. "Clem," he said, "It is so, what I tell you. Franklin is gone. Mike Brady, the watchman—maybe you don't know him, though—saw it first and called me down. It's no joke, upon my soul, Clem." This time he got answer "Wait a minute," and, a little while afterwards, "All right: I'll let them know." For, just then, at the Central Office, an officer rushed in with the breathless report that all the statues around the Public Buildings were gone. A hackman had told him about it first: and it was truest of true. Could it be those infernal University boys, who give us so much trouble all the time But how, in the name of all that is holy, could they do a job which would take no end of time and tackle, and do it without being seen or heard? The operator lost no time in debating the question, but called the authorities at once.

* * * * *

They brought Franklin to his chair in silence. He attempted no more converse with Girard. The generals were busy with their own thoughts; so busy, indeed,

as to be quite forgetful of the ladies of the party: the latter, none too well pleased to be out of mind while not yet out of sight; yet happier in their new human interest than they had ever been, since, not so many years ago, they had stooped from Mount Parnassus to stand aloft as patron saints of a play-house. Franklin was perhaps the least satisfied of them all. The scheme had been his scheme, and it had not rounded out to a full success. With all his knowledge of life and men, he could not but know, in spite of every modest objection, that he alone had been greatly welcome to Washington; had stood, with any degree of attainment, for the shining past and the grateful present. As he took his seat it was with a melancholy smile that he thanked the others for their assistance, and bade them a gracious farewell.

* * * * *

The officer at the corner had turned his back for a minute or two. He was tired of staring at the empty chair and thinking the same bewildering thoughts over and over again. But the fascination of the thing was irresistible; and he must look again. He was taken all aback to find Franklin sitting there, with the same benign face, with that same seeming of being about to rise from his chair that he had always had. The officer once more refused to believe his eyes, summoned once more the watchman, who was just coming back from a new prowl down Sansom Street. Together they looked; then they looked in one another's faces; they spoke not; they withdrew to the nearest bar, and

drowned what now they were sure was a fit of madness or a spell of witchcraft, in copious measures of exorcising, oblivious liquors. Who will blame them under the whelming circumstance? And, after that, they felt better in their minds, though less sure in their legs. Finally the officer remembered to 'phone the restoration up to the central office. He did this in the most businesslike phrase, with no comment whatever, and, until he was relieved, never looked again at Franklin—he was tired of him.

* * * * *

The ladies, the soldiers and the merchant kept their way up the street in continued silence. As Girard came to Eleventh Street he grew conscious, as he had not been on the eastward way, that he was on familiar ground, upon soil that he had once possessed and had to leave behind for others to sow and reap. He was a good deal confused by the great stores, and then greatly pleased that he had made possible so flourishing an issue. What would have been his surprise had he seen the lofty office building on Twelfth Street, at the head of the street of his name, and the vast department store to the north? And, best of all—does he know it?—the great estate had been administered wisely, purely, without a breath of scandal or the slightest implication of jobbery. Wisdom had been justified of her children. It is well with what he has left; it is better than well.

As the little company drew near the pale face of the theatre, the soldiers were aroused from their brown

study by a sense of impending loss—their fair charges were to leave them. Thalia tossed her head pettishly as she flung them a curt "good-night," and a cool "thank-you"—they guessed at the words, but found the manner clear enough. She tripped up the iron steps as only a girl can do, when she wants her swain to feel that he is nothing to her—will not linger the least, to let him think she is going to miss him. She was on her exalted perch long before Melpomene had left her escort. For she tarried unashamed, had tears in her parting eyes for the son of Lancaster, martyr of Gettysburg; was not forgetful, also, that MacClellan had suffered much, and gave him the full depth of her gaze compassionate. If she could have spoken the speech of these men, what unforgettable words of tenderness and recompense would she have given them. At last, with a passionate gesture of sympathy and of helpless, inarticulate consolation and good cheer, she turned reluctantly away, and, climbing with slow steps, as if with heavy burden of thought, at last came to her place.

No one had missed the maidens from their pedestals. Few are they who cast their eyes up there at any time; and there was no reason why the guardians or wanderers of the night should be exceptions. Part of the sadness of their lot is just this indifference of modern man. Who but the poets and the artists and the historians ever think of them at all? Not to have been missed, that early morning, was only the mortifying corollary of their not being noticed at all. As for me, I never pass that way, since that Twenty-second of February, without an upward glance of pity, a smile

of interest and a hearty regard for the poor dethroned, expatriated damsels. Thalia seems to me to be most entitled to compassion; because her marble trance must be most keenly felt, because her life, if its current were not checked, would be the gladdest.

As MacClellan turned into Broad Street he cast a glance down Chestnut, and thought that the pert muse leaned over and turned her face to catch the last glimpse of them—it might be of *him*. It is possible that he was mistaken; the pride of man works many an illusion, especially concerning woman.

Next, Girard was fixed upon his pedestal once more, glad enough to be back with his brooding thoughts. If he ever has any sense of deprivation at all, it must be that he has no desk before him to figure at. It is the worst of being memorial man, that one is robbed of one's dearest habit for the sake of the unbroken display of one's person. This is especially a hardship for a great merchant, who for statuesque purposes, must pose in the guise of a senator, rather than that of an intent man of affairs. It is highly probable that, if we shall come, by and by, to have a marble effigy of our greatest merchant—a greater than Girard—we must be content to see him very much as he looks when addressing his Sunday-school. O, the outlook of it.

The soldiers were at last by themselves. Must they, too, mount to helpless immobility?

"Reynolds," said MacClellan, of a sudden, "how would you like a little scamper up Broad Street?"

"Nothing better," said Reynolds, with face alight.

Never ran horses as did these. Their little course down Chestnut Street had limbered their joints and taught their blood to flow. And now they were hungry for unreined space. MacClellan had the better animal, and, with no little difficulty, held him down, sociably, to the powers of Reynolds' mount. Away they sped, a joyous four, consuming the miles as if they were but furlongs—away and away, to where Broad Street stops in the open country, with Old York Road but a stone's throw off. MacClellan had never had such glad pulses since those elated days, when he used to ride along the lines of the Army of the Potomac, and know and feel that he was admired, trusted, beloved by the soldiers for whom he did so much. The riders came back a little more slowly, and a little sadly withal: for they could not tell when they should have such another speeding. It was now near dawn, and their holiday must end. As they lingered together, near where Reynolds was wont to stand, the latter said:

"General, what is this I hear about your son? Have you heard?"

"No," replied MacClellan. And, eagerly, "What is it you heard?"

"I chanced," said Reynolds "to catch some talk of his having been made Mayor of New York—a far greater New York than the one you and I knew. And, also, I thought it was said that there were those who were thinking of making him president."

The father's face showed a great hope and pride—

these fathers are incurable. Reynolds marked it, and presently added.

"General, old friend, I hope the presidential part of the story is not true. I trust that he will stop just where he is. You know the kind of people who are putting him forward. He is a gentleman. Why should he be the figure-head of such a crowd? They pulled his father down."

MacClellan gave no answer to this; seemed a little hurt at his companion's words; bade him good-bye abstractedly. Soon each was in his place.

But the hero of Antietam had a new thought in his face, a new gaze in his eye. Was all this true? And could that greatest thing of all come to pass?

* * * * *

And when, a little later, the lieutenant, accompanied by his sergeant, went forth once more to study the scene of the most mysterious vandalism of modern times, lo! the soldiers and the merchant were as if they had never stirred.

It was determined by the telegraph operator, the central authorities, the officers and the watchman in the Postoffice neighborhood, that this maddening occurrence must at all hazards be hushed up.

"There is nothing else to be done," was the emphatic decision of the lieutenant. "We will all be taken for a pack of lunatics or drunkards, and get ourselves in a peck of trouble. I have an idea that we have, every mother's son of us, been hocus-pocussed or drugged, in some way or other. There's no other

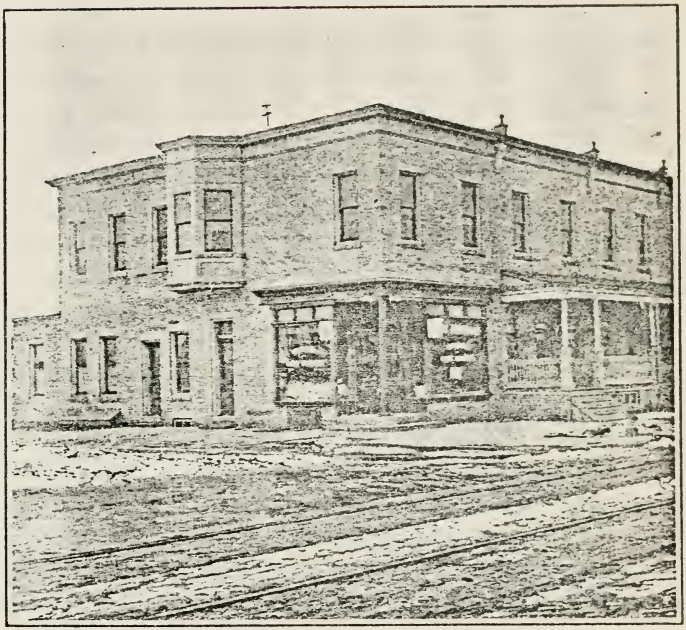
way to account for it all. I'll never believe my eyes again, no matter how many other eyes agree with them. It's confoundedly spooky—that is all I have got to say.

Fortunately, the reporters did not get hold of it. And so it was that the matter was never known until —I decline to tell how—it came to my knowledge.

There was this unhappy upshot of it all—upon some plausible pretext or other, Franklin, Girard and the generals were, not many days after, riveted fast to their respective stands. To be more exact, Franklin was fastened to his armchair; the horses of the generals were held to the bases, the generals to their horses; Girard—the feet of him—to the block. So that was indeed their last outing, as it was their first, since Philadelphia honored them with monumental eminence. The ladies, more fortunate, were not visited with any such hopeless fixture, and are still open to invitation, and likely, under pleasing conditions, to accept. Of course, they cannot take the initiative, even in this exceptional year, Naught-four; an inhibition which should be raised or waived, but is hardly likely to be. This is still another reason why our hearts should go out to poor Thalia: her's is the thraldom in chief: she was the erstwhile romp of the nine, to whom any revolt, any inception, was frankly forgiven. And now!

The most persistent and continuous vehicle upon Chestnut Street is, very obviously, the trolley car—a noisy enough affair, with its hoarse rising and falling electric burr; its imperative bell, its clattering brake and grating wheels.

I am not sure that the motorman is not the most interesting driver which modern common carriers have given us—better than he of the stage coach, he of the omnibus. His weighty cares, his great patience, his professional and imposed silence, the clement use he makes of his right of way, his substantial good humor, surviving all, entitle him to our largest respect and kindliest allowance. If he boil over, once in a while, at an abusively or stolidly slow driver ahead of him I do not know of any outburst more natural, more venial. His way on Chestnut Street for certain blocks is paved with exceptional annoyances, because of the crowded condition of the tracks and their bordering street; but he bears it bravely, bethinking himself, it may be, of the way he will let things drive when he gets going westward, beyond the river. His happy moments are at the termini, where he can have a chat, now and then a "scrap," with the conductor, can chaff his fellow-motormen, and, between whiles, have a score or two of whiffs of a comforting pipe. Moreover, the recurring policeman or fireman, who rides with him on the front platform—the letter-carrier pays a fare and refuses not the privilege of a place inside—hale fellow well met, breaks the monotonous drudgery of controller and brake with mellow talk, gossip and joke of raciest quality. Happy the passenger who is crowded out thither to hear it all. It will smoothe one or two of the wrinkles out of his careful heart for a little while, and bring him home to his wife a little less grumpy than usual.



CHESTNUT STREET

THE LAST STORE — AT SIXTIETH STREET

I cannot help feeling sorry that the motorman, of recent years, has had added to his other onerous duties, the ringing up of the riders who come in his way; the task also, now and then, of opening the doors—generally unthanked—for the ladies.

There is more variety in the conductor's function. He is constantly in relation with different people, most of whom are reasonable and even agreeable, many of them unobjectionable. In the morning and the evening, to be sure, he has no end of trouble getting his fares out of the throng, but there is some little fun along with it, and he has acquaintances within, constant riders, and his cronies without, who help him with the bell and make things smoother for him generally. He gets used, after awhile, to hearing complaints, many of which are the easier to bear because they reflect upon the corporation, not upon him. If he is a little short with you sometimes, generously impute it to a toothache, or to a recent inability to make both ends meet, or to an indiscreet scolding by one of his fares, or to anything else that a kind ingenuity can invent to keep you from being impatient with him. A little discreet sympathy at such a juncture is an investment that will not disappoint you, as some others I could name have done.

One of the conductor's good times is of an evening, about six o'clock, coming down Chestnut Street. The crowds of home-goers are out at all the corners, but do not want his car until he comes around to Walnut. It is these comparatively vacant betweenwhiles which are the pleasant moments of all lives.

You will have noticed that, at least in the busier hours of the day, Chestnut Street, for nearly its entire length, is remarkably free from heavy traffic. The carriages of shoppers and the lighter wagons of the smaller businesses are the predominant vehicles. This gives the street, especially from Eleventh to Sixteenth, an air apart. The contrast with Market Street in this regard is very marked. That thoroughfare, having the room, has the traffic of wheels at its greatest. The favorable difference which Chestnut Street enjoys in the way of quietness is a very thankworthy feature.

Chestnut Street has its times and seasons. And it is not a little hard to be sure which of these its lovers will find most to their taste.

Something can be said in praise of the not too early morning, when the eastern sun is swinging around from the north to the south, crossing the street. If you are going west just then, you will not be blinded by the adverse sun, and you will rejoice at the splendor of car-track and pavement, broken sky-line and over-topping office-building, as you will not later in the day. A little mist will give a certain suavity of tone, a little poetry of contour, to the jagged edges of eaves and chimneys. Then, indeed, you will be glad of the lawless succession of stone and brick and tile and painted iron—reconciled by the gleaming birds-eye view of the long perspective into a happy harmony that a few hours hence will be denied them. This street-scape is all but exactly repeated in the late afternoon, when its enjoyment, as before, is largely conditioned upon one's

having the sun upon one's back: for that intense orb is a most importunate discountenancer, admitting of no rivalry, refusing the sight of the very beauty it creates. Upon such autocrats nothing will have effect but the averted eye. The afternoon view is a little tenderer than the morning's, a little mellower. The declining sun—that we may hedge a little—is a better artist than the ascending; more particularly in the city, where the adventitious atmosphere of smoke and dust does much, as we saw at Chestnut Street bridge, to give it good help and safe success. He would be a brave admirer, perhaps a prejudiced one, who would prefer a country to a city scene, when the city is at its best. It is impossible not to have some little predilection in the matter. Perhaps it is not well to prefer at all, but to entertain a two-sided love and praise.

I am not so sure, after all, but that winter-time is Chestnut Street's best time. The sifting blasts give a limpid effect to the atmosphere and a keen zest to the vision. The sidewalks then are at their brightest with well-dressed men and women, to whom the bracing air gives an animation and an elation of glance, an elasticity of gait, which summer months refuse. Man, we have long since found out, is a creature of conditions, a thrall of accessories. So, of a happy needs-be, he likes a street the best when its farers are at their best estate. That is upon the cold, not too cold, days, when eyes are brightest, complexions richest; man, woman and child best worth looking at.

An especially good phase of the street comes on at homing-time, in winter, when all the shops are

ablaze, their windows full and rich, the people released from their work, very glad, quick of speech and laughter. Everybody looks well under the electric light, and thinks better of the street, himself and the world, because of that general leveling. It is perhaps the climax of the way and the day.

Unless, indeed, we shall be compelled to think that that culmination is to be found an hour or two later, just before theatre-time, when the street is not at all thronged, and when its peopling is largely and most commendingly of those on pleasure bent, in all the bloom of evening dress, or at any rate of the best they have. It is the time of times for a stroll, because the conditions then are those to which one is least used. Only to see the faces of the young people as they come along their way to the theatre, the glow of expectant pleasure, the happy hurry, is enough. There is something to be said against some play houses, some plays, but he who cannot enjoy the joy of the theatre-goers is not built aright. To see others having a good time, according to their, not your, idea of a good time—what can be better worth admiring and being thankful for? Do not give a wrong answer.

It has for many years back been felt, and not concealed, that Chestnut Street, of a Saturday afternoon, is not all it should be and usually is. It is especially the season of the younger, less serious and less favored of the sons and daughters of men, the time of popular promenade and meeting and flirtation; of a general good time that is not always within the boundaries of good taste. When it is said, therefore, "I would not

be seen on Chestnut Street on a Saturday afternoon for anything you could give me," the statement is not to be criticized, even though the pride of distinction be unduly prominent. It is at this time, especially, that the more distant sections of the city, those that do not find it easy to come to the great centre upon other days, treat themselves to the inexpensive excitement of a thronged hour or two upon the choice thoroughfare. Chestnut Street must not be judged at such a time. It is perhaps at its cheeriest, but it has lost much of its usual distinction, is practically a surrender. I do not think I am mistaken in stating that the street is not as much crowded at these hours as it used to be. Has the knowledge that appearance there is not in the best form reached farther than it did?

The Saturnalia of New Year's Eve, of election night and of that too rare day's end, when the University foot-ball team has won its victory (I speak with the memory of 1903) are very interesting, if seen and heard by one not too old, or, still better, by one incapable of age. The youth of these great United States is distinct from that of all nationalities whatsoever, in the way it inflicts barbarous noises upon all celebration. The appetite grows, and the consumption of quiet becomes more and more enormous. Every commemoration is more boisterous than the last. Boys will be boys, to be sure, but they seem to stay boys later in life than they used to. It looks as if there might be better fun for boys, over eighteen at least, than guns and horns and rattles and war-whoops. At

least there is some proper limit to this particular license, which must sooner or later be imposed.

The messenger boy is never so much in evidence as upon Chestnut Street, that being a chief path of service. He is a personage of the first distinction and charm. I would that it were possible for me to do him justice. There is no muse that can be invoked that will give fit inspiration—even Thalia would speak short here—and my own resources are most inadequate to a theme so high. He is like others, that you must love him ere to you he shall seem worthy of your love; but after that he is by himself, like no other, a type and character unique.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him is his uniform, or rather, the lack of relation of his uniform to his person and his manner. We mentally connect uniform—it is an impression of experience—with the erect posture, effaced shoulders, a certain formal gait, a certain general sedateness and outcroppping consciousness of organized service. The delightful thing about the messenger boy is, that, in the first place, his uniform is reluctant to fit him—it is hard to see how a boy who holds himself that way can possibly be fitted —and, in the second place, that he ignores its influence entirely. He slouches, he lurches, he stoops, he lolls awkwardly along. He imposes himself upon his garb instead of being moulded by it, refuses to live up to it, is imperial boy, unleashed, unductile, predominant always, out for a good time chiefly, incidentally doing something for somebody else. That these character-

istics are largely national you see at once when you come to London and mark his congener there—a little soldier in garb and posture and face; as dapper and subordinate and official as any orderly, whom indeed he closely reproduces in miniature, if anything, exceeds, in self-importance and dignity. I like our young American better, a good deal; with no better reason, it may be, than that he amuses me without end. He is very good when there is two of him. Upon such duplication, he is generally busy thumping the other fellow. Best of all, you want to see several of him sitting in their little den, waiting for a turn and wriggling, teasing, cuffing or otherwise carrying on—whenever the unfortunate young man who has them devolving upon him is not looking—does not care to be looking all the time.

There is a threadbare gibe at his sluggishness when he is sent anywhere. Nothing could be more undeserved. He may kill time a little, coming back from his mission, avail himself of all the opportunities of seeing things and having a good time generally; but he dare not linger too much, for he is timed and held to it—always with due respect to that elasticity of standard which the use of youngsters demands. He is a faithful, willing, cheerful servant, and deserves more of the dimes appreciative than he is apt to get. It was a beautiful story of Thackeray that he never saw a boy that he did not want to give him a guinea. He must have resisted the impulse, as a rule: his exchequer would have hardly allowed invariable indulgence—but of this I am sure, that he would have found our mes-

senger boy irresistible and impoverishing as no other shaver whatsoever. It is said that he is forbidden to take tips. I hope that that is untrue; it would be monstrous. Stop all the rest, but not that.

The reserve officer, whom we all regard with admiration, and with one or two of whom we are permitted to be timidly familiar, is, for stateliness, dignity and all the more formal qualifications, to say nothing of his intrinsic virtues, hard to match upon Chestnut Street. He is well set up, very usually well put together, is often handsome. But it is his manner which is the successful part of him. A good deal of his strength of appeal comes from his leisurely habit; his walk is an impressive stroll, that finely reconciles official function with plenty of time to spare. He has a way of taking a stand that is the very bright consummate flower of authority.

One must especially envy him his autocratic power over traffic, which particularly means that of the numbered streets—all of them outranked by Chestnut Street. The uplift of that cane is final: the waggons stop, the people cross over; the cane waves permission, and the waggons have their turn. He does not abuse his power. If he err at all, it is, as it should be, in favor of the people of the footway, rather than of the mid-street. He is much more patient in his service than we have any right to expect of him; for it will not do to say that he has his own way, is rarely opposed, has but little to cross him. One gets tired even of unquestioned sway, and very much enjoys,

now and then, a little bout of words with some protesting driver. Such experiences the reserve officer has, and, judging from the hearty fire that is kindled in his face, they must be a delightful relief to his stupid routine.

It is a cause of no small regret to some of us that Chestnut Street is without a park—or what we have an old habit of calling a square—somewhere along its way. Independence Square is the nearest, but it is hidden behind the Hall there in a way that robs it of most of its power—we catch mere glimpses through the restored colonnades, and the trees overpeer the roofs of the sacred buildings. And, besides, this square is not now in the most frequented part of the street, speaks to not the most. What we are thinking of is something like Boston Common, right before Tremont Street; or Green Park, off London's Piccadilly. A good-sized churchyard, even if it were full of gravestones, would be welcome, would break the bleak succession of brick and stone refreshingly, would at least give us a few trees, some grass and a new outlook. We have Washington Square at Seventh and Rittenhouse Square at Eighteenth; but these are both on Walnut Street—practically as if they were not, so far as Chestnut Street is concerned; both of them also too far removed from the heart of that street to lift it up at its greatest need.

An interesting inhabitant of Chestnut Street is the cat, which, not infrequently, in the favorable season, emerges from one of the stores above Twelfth, runs out its tether as far as it cares to, and, rising superior

to fear and the usual regard to human rights, tucks its feet under it, or even stretches itself at full length on its side, and treats itself to reverie or doze in the very middle of the pavement. It is altogether the prettiest piece of coolness that I know of. None but a cat is capable of such behavior; none but a cat of restricted liberty and petted perquisite would attempt it. The audacity of it almost invariably meets with the fullest success. No one fails to step out of the way and give the animal its full squatter sovereignty. So far as I know, the reserve officer nearby has never asked it to move on—an abstention which gives it a unique place among the obstructive, an immunity almost illustrious. I beg of you not to let a New Yorker hear of this. He would be sure to make flouting remarks as to the populousness of our thoroughfares: might even go so far as to say "Imagine anything like that on Broadway." Mum's the word.

The very general absence of dogs on Chestnut Street—if you have noticed it, or will now believe it just because you have never noticed it—demands explanation. I refer to the dogs who are not led, or do not obsequiously follow—the nomadic dogs, unpampered, unenslaved, who, in spite of the perennial dog-catcher, are found everywhere else but on Chestnut Street. Perhaps it is because there are too many feet and too little forage on this too human street. That you may be sure that his absence is no mere notion of mine, I recur to the cat, and ask how would that liberty and impudence be possible if there were dogs to be expected? Experience begets confidence. Be

CHESTNUT STREET

THE FULL STOP—NEAR SIXTY-FIRST STREET

sure that the cat has justified its security and that that security demonstrates my important statement about the dogs. Receive it, and give me the vast credit for it.

It was the somewhat hyper-apostolic Stead, I think, who first ventured to bring back the Chief of men to a modern city and to tell what He would feel and say and do. A distinct school of French artists has very dramatically pictured a presence of this kind. The treatment has been invariably reverent, the result impressive and helpful.

As a matter of fact, the Son of Man had no very intimate acquaintance, so far as we have any means of knowing, with His own metropolis. The greater part of the surpassing life was spent in the comparatively sequestered inland village of Nazareth; the busy ministry of the three momentous years in the more populous, but secondary, lake-side towns of a poor province of a subject kingdom, or in the neighboring country-sides. Jerusalem saw Him at but rare intervals and for limited seasons; mainly in the Temple or its precincts.

So that, what He felt as to city life and manners and habits is necessarily a matter of arduous or too facile conjecture. Knowing this, I yet venture to tell of Him as He comes to Chestnut Street.

It is not to be wondered at, that He has preferred to set foot first upon the extreme west end of the street, among the fields and trees at the waterside there, and that He has at once felt at ease among the unpretending little houses that break the lots into life and home for the next mile or more down the street. He has chosen the springtide, when the trees are in their youth, and the birds are hard at work, and in full song; and Saturday, when the children are out of school and out of doors. He is much pleased to come upon a group who are playing a make-believe game of Indians; for He remembers how the boys and girls of Nazareth used to mimic the funerals and the festivals of their elders, and how, in the after days, when He had looked for childlikeness in those elders, He had found childishness—the "wont play" of the occasional boy or girl, who breaks up the happy promising games all over the world.

He does not fail to mark the dogs which companion the boys and girls; for a woman had once won her case with Him—Him very willing to have her win—by citing the children's hungry pets as justifying her own urgent presence; their satisfaction as warranting the success of her plea.

His feet leave the earthen path reluctantly, as it gives way to the unyielding bricks. He smiles upon the church in the fields, and wishes with a great longing that He might be at the Sunday-school there on the morrow—in the body, as He is there and everywhere at heart. An incognito such as that, a real presence like

that—O! the joy of it. But it is not to be, and He passes on.

We may be very sure that He looks long and with deepest compassion at the asylum over on Market Street, and wishes for a moment that the Galilean days were here again, when He might give the wildered ones back to themselves and their own. The trolleys, which dash to and fro between Him and that dread place, do not offend Him as they do you and me; because He knows how they help poor tired men and women to get where they must go, and saves them much loss of time, much of weariness; gives them something of a pleasant holiday besides. He remembers how tired and warm He used to get under the fierce Syrian sun, and must sit upon the well-kerb until some woman came to give Him a drink from the well that was deep.

Presently He comes to where some houses are going up. And now, for the first time, He will step aside and go in. What He most wants to see are the carpenters at work. For we shall not forget that He was a carpenter and the son of a carpenter, and that the artisan can never forget his craft and his skill and his handiwork. The men in there are right glad to see Him, are greatly pleased at His interest in their tools and their work, both finished and in process. He puzzles them a good deal, because, while He evidently knows much about the work, His questions show an eagerness of curiosity which one of themselves would not have, and even a lack of knowledge of much that is old use with them. They do not know how simple

His kit used to be, how limited His achievement, how great the improvements in tool and process since His day. He would have liked to stay much longer than He did.

It came twelve, and the men knocked off work—because it was Saturday, for the week. He waited a little and walked down the street with one of them. As a matter of course the man had somewhat to say of wages and hours, and strikes and what not. To this the companion answered many things; among them these—I quote not, but give the main sense of it—:

It is right to be ambitious. He is not a full man at his best, who does not want more and more money for his labor, more leisure, better conditions of every kind. If Paul told the bondman to yield to his fate, it was because he knew that to dissent was to perish, and to repine was to kick against the pricks. Yet it is known what he did and asked for Onesimus the slave. Because combination was not feasible in those days of slave competition, entrenched capital and absolute despotism, that same authority of Tarsus had naught to offer the artisan but the same grim counsel of helplessness; postponing redress to the heavenly assize. Thus also, long before that, and for much the same reason, did John the Forerunner advise the soldiers to be content with their wages; they were the most complete of bondmen, being soldiers: any other attitude had been suicide. Not a half century ago, a very large fraction of the presses and pulpits of this land exclaimed against the abolition of negro slavery. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the press and

pulpit, now—the pulpit more than the press—delay to espouse the cause of the employed, and even cite the Bible to justify their position—take the prescription or the silence of a totally other day and system to stay them up. In this way, just in this way, judged and acted the olden Scribes and Pharisees, and just for this were denounced and confuted by One who suffered death for the truth and courage of it. Be patient; yes, be patient, good friend, but only in that wisdom which waits for the right moment and the best way to protest, and stand and secure. Do not blame the Church for its partly averted face, its sterile platitudes of sympathy; for the Church cannot alienate its constituency —which has now come to be the middle class of salaried folk or of employer—but must speak with their voice. Have patience. It is not wise in these days to kindle the fires of accusation and plain speech, as the Son of Mary lit them, and Stephen lit them, and perished both in the flames of them; but rather to mark and follow the politic method and urbanity and adroitness of Peter and Paul, knowing how to wait, gentle in entrance, in the issue strong.

Much more did He say in this vein. Now and then He stopped and seemed as if He were holding out against a great indignation, forcing back fierce headlong words, such as He spoke in the last week in the Temple, nearly nineteen hundred years before. The workman's heart burned within him by the way, and he left the Carpenter at last, only because he must.

Soon the great Visitor is come to the new houses, and soon to the fair reach of that distinctive part of

West Philadelphia which Chestnut Street has fallen heir to. The elegance and rare charm of this are not wasted upon Him; for no beautiful sojourn of man can He think lightly of, who loves man and loves the beautiful. Moreover they err far who make Him careless of the successful and the wealthy and their achievements and possessions. Not the rich, but those who trust in riches, did He find of all but impossible entrance into the Kingdom of kingdoms. And they err, too, who do not see plentiful examples of those who are unspoiled by great possessions, stewards of the one Owner, eminent servants of Him and His.

It was a real disappointment to Him that the public school was closed. He would have dearly loved to see the boys and girls at recess in all their romping noise, the boys tumbling over each other, the girls less active, more companionable. Remembering His own school-boy days at Nazareth He would have liked to get the ear of the principal and lengthen the recesses; have a word with the controllers and shorten the sessions and cut off some of the studies. But, just then, it did not much matter. The children were on the street, or on the lots, or at their doorsteps; the boys at base-ball, the girls busy with their dolls or tea things, or playing school. The very smallest were in their coaches, with some one to wheel them around. These little ones were just such as He had been wont to take in His arms. He knew He dared not do it here. Their nurses would have been alarmed had He attempted it. But He lingered a little, here and there, to admire the comeliness and blooming health of these, the, at this

stage of the world so greatly favored, "least." Nor did He, for one moment, think the dainty elegance of caps and dresses and coaches in any excess, or anything but most fitting and beautiful.

The dreary region upon either side of the river is even more displeasing to Him than it is to you and me —the smoke of it, the noise, the roiled stream, the sordid track-sides. But He casts a long look down at the train-hands and the switch-tenders and the other sons of care and danger, with full appreciation of that courage and faithfulness of theirs, which, some day, wll count much where all things are finally appraised.

As He comes, by and by, to the stores and the more frequented side-walks, He cannot but admire the pretty lures of the show windows; yet is more intent upon the faces of men. At every step He reads the old story of burden and anxiety, of unfulfilled aim, of limitation and need. None but the youngest are free from care, nor all of these. As He catches bits of the converse of those He overtakes, or meets, He is not surprised to find—for man is an old acquaintance—that much of it is complaint, much invidious criticism; yet much of it, also, bright with the interests of attire, and study, and sport and social opportunity, and resonant with health and hope and good spirits and gracious amenities. As is His unfailing way and inveterate choice, He lades His great heart with all the trouble. He becomes aware of, and refreshes it with all the joy. Whether He is, therefrom, on the whole, glad or sad, I may only guess, and am not likely to guess aright.

He stands at the corner of Juniper Street for quite a while, looking about Him. He has there the human centre of the street; He is at the very core of things. His eyes fill with sudden tears, as He sees so many, and knows that so few of them care for Him, and that those who care at all care so little after all. You and I must sometime or other have felt as if justice were not being done to us, and have suffered. But it was easy for you and me to have been mistaken about our due. He is not mistaken. To be the one best worth praise and trust, and not to have the praise and trust is to know the pang supreme. To know, moreover, that one can do more for another than any other friend, and yet not to be allowed to be that Friend above all others, who alone deserves, in all its fulness, the name of friend, is the consciousness the hardest to bear. But, as He stands there, He makes large allowance. He knows that nearly every one of those who pass Him with a mere glance, has some one or other to esteem and love and serve and all but worship. He knows that there is none estimable, lovable, worshipful that is not His creation and inspiration and informing life. He is not jealous of His own. And He hopes, with an assured hope, that those who care for His kith and kin will through them care for Him. For that insatiable heart cannot be content with less than the first best love; the second commandment is like unto the first, to be sure; but the first *is* first and best.

It was to have been expected, that His glance found nothing but admiration for that bright top of

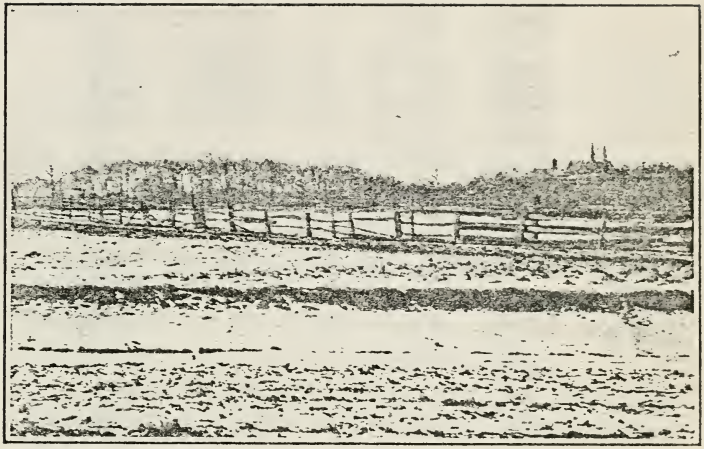
nature and right art, the American girl, as, in so many lovely variations, brilliant, saucy, innocent, elegant, consciously unconscious, irresistible, she passed anear or across the way. Yet He cared more to notice the less specious daughters of man, the burden-bearers, caretakers, home-makers, the evident mothers and sisters, the blessed aftercomers of the Marys and Marthas and Joannas of His day and nearness. For, from the very first, woman knew Him and understood and valued as no man, save one, did so well. And it is so, He very well knows, and as all men know, unto this day. The secret of life, the one great abiding and deathless force, is love; and only woman knows how to love. It is her primacy and, through suffering, her exceeding reward.

As He stood by Washington before Independence Hall, His breast heaved, and the deep eyes glowed. He, the Son of Mary, had known the patriot pulse, the memories, the indignation, the hopes of a subject race, He had known the bitter conflict of emotions, when He had denied the Jew in Him to advise "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—instead of casting the hateful denarius from Him had accredited it: had bowed the head, the foremost of the nation, before the token of its shame. He is man, man of men, and cannot but feel a patriot's admiration and enthusiasm before this pure and successful champion of liberty and human rights, before the birthplace of a great nation. Such an one He would have loved to be, and magnanimously had chosen not to be, because He had come upon the far more crucial mission of the rescue

of a world and of universal man from a bitterer thraldom than that of a Roman despot. The nation He loved and loves, is no longer enslaved, and is beginning to care for Him; will some day own Him for what He is, for whom He is.

Wrapped in reminiscence and expectation such as this, He goes on past the Custom House, past the great bank and trust buildings, past the wholesale houses to the top of the river slope, down to the foot of the steps that lead to the recreation pier. He climps these steps.

The afternoon was beautiful, yet very warm; one of those late May days, when the excesses of July and August are anticipated, and, because unseasonable, hard to bear. The esplanade up there, and the many-windowed hall, and the terrace just above the river, were gay with the little folk of the neighborhood, who found it very pleasant in the breeze from the water, and looking at the life on the water, and scampering about at their sweet, wilful will beneath the lax, benignant eye of the burly officer who reigns here. It was all very different from the lakeside of Gennesaret, with its fishing boats, its green sloping shores and pebbly beach. The water was not clear: there were no hills looking down upon it. But there were like-minded, like-hearted children here, children for love and pity and patience and shepherding as then. It gave Him a great joy to see that these, not the most favored of their years, were cleaner, better dressed, more intelligent looking than those He had known those many centuries before: it gave Him a still greater joy to know that this excellent difference was because He had



CHESTNUT STREET

LOOKING WEST AT SIXTY-SECOND STREET

interfered in their behalf, had given them better parents, better care, better teachers, a better country, a better inheritance of the days that were gone and of the days to come. In them He saw something of the travail of His soul and was satisfied; and, seeing the growing, better future, exulted.

No one missed Him when he went. They were all too busy at their play.

Others have walked Chestnut Street, of whom, good as it is, it has not been worthy—men more or less like Him of whom I have spoken, unselfish, forgetful of themselves, eager to help, willing to suffer, faithful to rebuke and rescue. Some of these have been poor men, some not so poor, not a few men of largest resources, some of them ministers, more of them laymen; all of them, like Him, great because servants. Many of them the sky has already won, but has not snatched from the grateful minds of those who stay.

Just below Seventh street, on the lower side, there is a pavement, where, one day, a man rebuked another, and is for that never to be forgotten. The censure was for a piece of cheap cynicism, such as shallow young men are glib with. The rebuked was abashed, acquiescent, was more careful after that how he spoke, how he allowed himself to feel. His friend, not long after, died—a just man and a true, presently made prefect. The other never sets foot upon that pavement without the memory of that kind helper and a leap of the heart along the better way up. Considered from the lowest standpoint, it is an investment worth making,

to better another, to find a niche in a heart, to make a piece of pavement holy ground. The spot where Lincoln raised that flag upon that Washington's birthday, in the momentous Sixty-one, is marked by a memorial plate. There are some spots that need no marking but grateful memory's.

There was a time when every one of us saw Chestnut Street for the first time—for a safe statement this has no rival. Somebody had a hold of our hand that day. Likely enough, it was upon some Christmastide; or it may have been the day of a parade—the masons, the firemen, the cadets of temperance, the circus. It was not the great street then that it is now—that needs repetition here. Eighth street was a successful competitor—the paradise of toys. To those who lived pretty far East, Second Street was another region of bliss; and one could always get a great deal for a few pennies upon South street, which stood a good deal higher in those days than it does in these. Nevertheless, there was then, and had been for some years back, an exceptional rank about Chestnut Street, whose acceptance was easy and sure. The favor of it grew rapidly, until it had no rival at all. To cross it soon became an unwelcome necessity, never a free choice; a stroll along it an untiring pleasure. At this very day, the day seems lost that has not found us there, that has not, upon some pretext or other, when no real need was, made it our route to somewhere else, the master-path of our wayfaring, our tireless interest and praise.

As funerals are not known to Chestnut Street, the last time you are likely to be going along there is either in a trolley-car or upon your feet. It is in view of this last time, that I recommend you to do justice to the street while you may; to give it the admiration it deserves; above all, to use those who walk there as a man, a gentleman, and a divinely destined creature should do. However you may feel, you may at least wear a contented face and a kindly, unstaring eye; you will take pains to nod cordially at your acquaintance, calling by name when you can; and will stop to speak with your friends and make them feel that you care for them, and are determined to know how it is with them. If you overtake some one, or some one overtakes you, the little while you are together will be full of cheer, of hopeful view and right judgment, undidactic always, but never without some little good intent, humorously wise, soberly kind, sincere and pure. You have missed enough good chances, opportunities flung at you, to make Chestnut Street a highway of welfare and truth and joy. Some one you shall come across there to-morrow you may never have to do with again. He may fall some day because you walked not straight and sure. "Unless above himself erect how mean a thing is man," exclaimed an old poet. And everyone needs another's word or example. The sermon is over.

The old-fashioned outside slat-blinds, which we Philadelphians have been more apt to call shutters, are disappearing very rapidly from Chestnut street. Until very recently their survival was as far east as below

Thirteenth. The only ones—below Broad—that I know of now—and they may be unhinged before this ink dries—are upon the altered dwelling at the southeast corner of Juniper. We ought to hate to see them go, but there is nothing to do in the matter except to growl a little.

The human foot is one of the least successful of the divine creations. A baby's, indeed, is beautiful in its budding promise and dainty unrealization; it is the development of it that turns out so ill. If you remember that audaciously delightful story of Trilby, you will surely recall how the artists went off in ecstacies over her feet, how her daft admirer kept sketching their perfection from out his infatuated memory, and yet how impossible Du Maurier, illustrating his own book, found it to make that intoxicating foot anything in his drawing of it other than the disappointing member it forever must be.

Now, where nature fails—for some sufficient reason has left off trying to succeed—art, which is after all but selected, corrected, sublimated nature—has come off triumphant—I know not where else, indeed, she has more masterly achieved. To come to the point, without more words, the shoe is one of man's most signal improvements upon creation: a well-shod foot is an attainment of a high order: the show-windows of the shoemakers are not far from being the most artistic presentations that modern skill and taste can show.

Furthermore, as you see the people going to and fro along Chestnut Street—where of course the best-

shod folk frequent—you will not fail to find this other statement no complete heresy—to wit, that the shoe is not only a pretty thing in itself, but also an actual contribution to gait and carriage. The extreme lovers of nature have had much to say of the barefoot boy, and a little of the barefoot girl, but half an eye and a little regard for the facts of the case will serve to persuade any non-partisan that the walk of the shoeless is awkward, ungainly, without grace or any other attraction worth having. The shoe not only gives contour to the foot—the ideal arch, the lines of beauty, a much-needed, strangely unbestowed heel, saving from vapid flat-footedness—but, also, it lends elasticity to the tread and flexibility to the gait, has more to do with that precious something we call good style than almost anything else besides. Even the decried French-heeled shoe refuses to be deprived of its shapely favor and its graceful assistance. There may be hygenic objections to its use, but as to the elegance of its bestowment there can be do doubt at all.

These interesting observations we gather from Chestnut Street as from no other of our ways so well. We should be very thankful that we live in an age of the world and in a civilization that will not see the pavements paced by bare-footed woman, or even splayed along by the moccasin, or the classic sandal. The taut, clicking, gleaming feet of our sisters and daughters are, after all, not the least charm, not the least gracious commendation, of our beloved street. The ladies—God bless them. And so a fitting end.

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